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Lady de Ros.
(1865)

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

GEORGIANA, LADY DE ROS,

WITH

SOME REMINISCENCES OF HER FAMILY AND FRIENDS,

INCLUDING THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY HER DAUGHTER,

THE HON^BLE. MRS. J. R. SWINTON.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1893.

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PREFACE.

In the January and February numbers of *Murray's Magazine* for 1889, the Dowager Lady de Ros published, at the request of many of her friends, her "Personal Recollections of the Great Duke of Wellington." These were so favourably received by the public, that it has been thought desirable to reprint them in one volume, prefacing them with a short memoir of the writer, together with some of her correspondence, and a few other reminiscences of a life which extended over nearly a century.

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GEORGIANA, LADY DE ROS.

GEORGIANA LENNOX, afterwards Lady de Ros, was the third daughter of Colonel Charles Lennox, only son of Lord George Lennox. She was born on September 30th, 1795, at Molecomb, in Sussex, until 1806 the residence of her father, when he succeeded his uncle Charles, third Duke of Richmond, Lennox and Aubigny, in the titles and estates. Her mother was Lady Charlotte Gordon, the eldest of the five daughters of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, by his marriage with Jean Maxwell, known as the beautiful and witty Duchess of Gordon.

Molecomb is a short distance from Goodwood, and there was constant intercourse between the two houses. One of Lady de Ros's earliest recollections was that of going to Goodwood to play with her pretty little cousin, Pamela FitzGerald, (the daughter of the unfortunate Lord Edward FitzGerald,) afterwards Lady Campbell, who had been smuggled over from France in a cheese-ship during the war, and whose French coal-scuttle-shaped bonnet was the admiration and envy of her young cousins!

Another early reminiscence was that when the Duke of York came to dine with her parents, and the children were brought in for H.R.H. to see them, he good-naturedly insisted on sending them off at once in a hackney coach to his box at the theatre, to see the Pantomime of "Mother Goose," in consequence of which

they all adored him. The duel between Colonel Lennox and the Duke of York, in 1789, did not hinder H.R.H.'s subsequent friendship with the family.

As a child, Lady Georgiana often played with Princess Charlotte, whom she described as a merry, frank, and extremely indiscreet girl, openly avowing that the two things in the world she most hated were "boiled mutton and—grandmamma!" When Lady Georgiana first went to Court, the hoop was still worn as Court dress, and just as she was approaching the Queen, she found herself seized by Princess Charlotte, who turned her hoop round, telling her "it was all wrong!"

On Lady Georgiana's return from Brussels, when there was a question of marriage between the Princess and the Prince of Orange, to whom she had

a great dislike, H.R.H. asked Lady Georgiana, "Well! how did you leave the Prince of Orange? is he as beautiful as ever?" he being remarkably the reverse.

The Duke of Richmond was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1807, and took up his residence with his family in Dublin. The Jubilee of George III. was celebrated in October, 1809, and Lady de Ros remembered going out into the streets of Dublin to see the illuminations, as described in the following letter.

William Ogilvie, Esq., to his wife, Emily, Dowager Duchess of Leinster (the Duke of Richmond's aunt).

DUBLIN, *Oct. 27th*, 1809,
5 *o'clock.*

". . . . I did not get to Bed, till near two this morning and was up at 7, and have never till this minute been able to sit down to write to you. I had dined at the Park and went with some of the young Ladies and the Dutchess to see the

Illuminations, which far exceeded anything I ever saw in London or Paris. Nothing ever equalled the Brilliancy of the Illuminations—I do not believe there was a Window in this Great City that was not illuminated down to a Cobbler's Stall and the Variety and fancy of the Transparent pencillings was very great—and had a fine effect. The Crowds in the Streets exceeded everything I could have conceived, but the most perfect good Humour reigned thro' them all, and I have not heard of a single Accident. The Duke and Dutchess who passed from the Park to Stephens Green to see Fire Works were everywhere huzza-ed and applauded by the People, and way made thro' what appeared an impenetrable Crowd for them wherever they passed. No Lord-Lieut. ever reigned so much in the Hearts of the People of every Rank and Religion and no Man ever was more respected at the same Time. He understands them and manages them beyond any Body I ever saw—and the Dutchess is also a very great Favorite."

Writing in 1887 of the Jubilee in 1809, Lady de Ros says, "I remember the last Jubilee, and having a sash with

God save the King on it." Another memorable sash was a black one, worn in mourning for her father's cousin, the gallant Charles Napier, who was supposed to have been killed at Corunna, but who survived to be the conqueror of Scinde.

After leaving Ireland in 1813, the Duke of Richmond lived either at Goodwood or at Richmond House (now Richmond Terrace), Whitehall. At the latter place some of the younger sisters were in the habit of running down to the river, and giving sixpence to a bargeman to get them a Thames flounder, with which to propitiate their very cross Swiss governess! Apropos of the large luncheons of the present day, Lady de Ros used to tell how she once went with her aunt, Lady Bathurst, to stay with her grandmother, Lady Louisa Lennox (*née* Kerr), and of

the indignation of the old lady when it was suggested by Lady Bathurst that her granddaughter, who had been ill, was ordered to have a mutton chop in the middle of the day. "A mutton chop! No wonder girls were delicate if they ate mutton chops before dinner."

Lady de Ros recollected going to Court with her mother and sisters, each in her own Sedan chair, attended by running footmen.

It may not here be irrelevant to tell a curious anecdote of her sister Lady Sarah Lennox's presentation, about the year 1813, to George III. It was then customary for Peers' daughters to be privately presented, in the evening, at Court. Lady Sarah's name was sent in, but a request came that if she had a *second* name it might be used, as it was feared the name of Lady Sarah Lennox, his first love, might have an

exciting effect upon the poor King; Lady Sarah, however, had no other name, and the King was informed she was to be presented. He immediately inquired if she was pretty, and, on being answered in the affirmative, he further inquired if she was like her namesake and great-aunt, the Lady Sarah Lennox of his young days; and he was told that there was said to be a resemblance. When the evening came Lady Sarah was taken up to the King, and to her great surprise and consternation he begged her to allow a blind old man the privilege of passing his hand over her features!—this he did, making no remark. Lady Sarah afterwards said she could not refuse, knowing the reason for his request, but she found it a very embarrassing position.

The events of the memorable years 1815 and 1816 have been chronicled by

Lady de Ros herself.* She used to tell of a visit with her father to the Château of Aubigny in Berri, which then belonged to him, and from which he took one of his titles. There being no carriage road, they performed the journey on horseback, and she described the amazement of some of their French neighbours at the riding of the English young ladies. Shortly afterwards, the Duke of Richmond went as Governor-General to Canada, accompanied by two of his daughters, Lady Louisa and Lady Charlotte, but Lady Georgiana remained in England with her mother. Her health was much affected by the news of her father's most tragic death in August, 1819, of hydrophobia from the bite of a tame fox. She afterwards lived almost entirely with her aunt, Lady Bathurst.

* See page 117.

Lord Bathurst was then a member of the Liverpool Administration, and so she was thrown much into the political society of that time. Among the many changes witnessed by Lady de Ros none were more remarkable than that of the London of her youth and of her latter days. She would point out a tree, now to be seen in Hobart Place close to Eaton Square, as the last relic of Lady Buckinghamshire's country place, where as a young lady she recollected going to garden fêtes, then called "breakfasts." It was also considered quite a country drive when she was taken to Cadogan Place to visit her father's blind old aunt, the once beautiful Lady Sarah Napier, of Holland House celebrity, one of Sir Joshua's most lovely sitters, and the mother of three heroes—Sir Charles, Sir George, and Sir William Napier.

In the course of her long life Lady de Ros had met many celebrities, and had been acquainted with no less than nineteen Prime Ministers. The list begins with Mr. Pitt, whom she recollected coming to dine with her parents in Harley Street, when she and the other children were sent for to see the great man.

Her lifelong friendship with the Duke of Wellington commenced, as she has herself narrated, when her father was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. She also remembered Mr. Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth—"the Doctor" as he was called; and the unfortunate Mr. Perceval, assassinated in 1812; Lord Grenville, the Duke of Portland, Lord Liverpool, Lord Goderich, Mr. Canning, Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, Sir R. Peel, Lord J. Russell, Lords Aberdeen, Palmerston, Derby and

Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Salisbury.

While she was living with Lord and Lady Bathurst at Cirencester in 1822, Mr. Canning came there on a visit. They all expected to be delighted with his brilliant conversation, but were woefully disappointed, as he would hardly open his lips, being at that time much disconcerted at his appointment to the Governor-Generalship of India. This, however, was cancelled by his appointment to the post of Foreign Secretary on the death of Lord Londonderry. In spite of the difference in their political opinions, Lady Georgiana used to be on very friendly terms with Lord Melbourne, often meeting him after her marriage at the house of Lord Auckland, whose charming and agreeable sister, the Hon. Emily Eden, was one of her greatest friends. She always retained

most interesting recollections of the pleasant dinner-parties at Lord Auckland's, where Brougham, Luttrell, Rogers, Lady Morley, Mr. George Villiers (afterwards Earl of Clarendon) and his accomplished sister, afterwards Lady Theresa Lewis, were among the frequent guests.

Lady Georgiana used to joke with Lord Melbourne over their opposed politics, and once, when the Ministerial majority was reduced to five, as it happened to be the Queen's Birthday, she congratulated him on the pleasure it must give him to see "V" illuminated all over the town! He replied, "Five was as good a number as any other."

Sir Robert Peel was a connection of the Richmond family by the marriage of his brother, Mr. Laurence Peel, to Lady Jane Lennox, a younger sister of Lady Georgiana.

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Lord John Russell, another habitué of Eden Lodge, was also a connection, his father, John Duke of Bedford, having married as his second wife, her aunt, Lady Georgiana Gordon. Once, when they met at Holland House, Lady de Ros expressed her fears lest those beautiful grounds would one day be built over; Lord John observed, "How sorry I am for posterity!"

Lord Derby and Lord de Ros were old Oxford friends, and a great intimacy existed subsequently between the families.

Lady de Ros's recollections of Lord Salisbury dated from his early youth, when his mother, one of her greatest friends, used to prophesy that "Bobby would some day be a very clever man!"

On June 7, 1824, Lady Georgiana Lennox was married in St. George's, Hanover Square, to her cousin, the Hon.

William FitzGerald de Roos, a captain in the 1st Life Guards, and third son of Lord Henry FitzGerald and Charlotte (in her own right) Baroness de Ros. He was on the staff of General Sir Colquhoun Grant in Dublin, and they had rooms in the Royal Barracks. As Sir Colquhoun was a widower, Lady Georgiana was called upon to do the honours of his parties, and she used to tell of a terrible scrape she once got into by sending the wife of the second major in to dinner before the wife of the first.

In the summer of 1824 she, for the first time, visited Strangford, co. Down, which was destined to be later, for many years, her happy home. Her husband was agent of his father's property there, and while he was busy visiting the tenants, she employed herself in making a little garden, in a spot where her myrtles and

fuchsias have since grown to an unusually large size.

While Captain de Roos was in the 1st Life Guards they were in country quarters at Maidenhead and Laleham, and at one of these places they lived over a hairdresser's shop, and engaged the girl of the lodging as Lady Georgiana's maid, in which capacity she remained for sixty years, living on in Lady de Ros's house when past work. When the regiment moved to London, Captain and Lady Georgiana de Roos occupied four rooms and a kitchen in the Regent's Park Barracks, their income being extremely small; and she often, in later years, laughed about the conflicting opinions in London society as to the propriety of this arrangement. She was amused by receiving a message from Lady Bath, who then held a high position in society, and considered herself

as the first authority upon all matters of decorum, expressing her admiration and approval! On the other hand, the Colonel of the regiment would not allow his wife to call upon Lady Georgiana "in barracks," although in all other respects they were both very kind.

Lady Georgiana was very much admired at the time of her marriage, and extremely popular as a member of society. She was of small stature, but very well-proportioned, with beautifully formed hands and feet. Her features were regular, with a delicate and transparent complexion. There was never any good likeness of her in her youth, but in 1865 she sat to her son-in-law, Mr. J. R. Swinton, whose admirable portrait of her was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1866.*

* In her 96th year she sat to Countess Féodore Gleichen for a very clever sketch in crayon.

In 1824 Lady Bathurst wrote to her as follows, after alluding to the recent visit of a bride to Cirencester :—

"It is evident she has been well brought up. She is not the least prim or prudish, but she has strict notions and principles, not unlike a certain little personage of my acquaintance, to whom she is in looks not entirely dissimilar at some particular moments, and I would not swear that this had not some little weight in forming my partiality, for I had no prepossession in her favour when she arrived here."

In 1827, when Captain de Roos obtained his majority and the appointment of brigade major of cavalry, the barrack rooms were exchanged for a small cottage at Thames Ditton, adjoining the home of his parents—Boyle Farm, subsequently the scene of a celebrated fête, immortalised by Moore in his poem "On the B—— F——

breakfast." From their cottage they often drove to London to dine with the Duke of Wellington, or to go to the opera with him. They annually visited the Duke for the Easter holidays at Strathfieldsaye, with their children, and also in the autumn at Walmer Castle, spending Christmas in the old-fashioned style at Hatfield.

The following letters to her at this period are interesting.

Priscilla, Lady Burghersh, to Lady G. de Roos.

[No date.]

"DEAR LADY GEORGIANA,

"The Duke has desired me to write to ask you, if you are not *too angry* with him for his bad behaviour, if you would like to come to town on Monday next to dine with him at 6 o'clock and go afterwards to Madame Albertazzi's Benefit at Drury Lane, where all the Italian singers will sing. He will have a box.

"Believe me ever,

"Yours affectionately,

P. BURGHERSH.'

In 1830 Major de Roos was present, on his way to Ireland, at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and wrote the account of it, and of Mr. Huskisson's fatal accident, to Lady Georgiana. The letter also illustrates the difficulties of the journey in those days from England to Ireland.

Major the Hon. W. F. de Roos to Lady Georgiana F. de Roos.

LIVERPOOL, 15*th Sept.*, 1830.

"As I am now lodged for the night, I sit down to tell you all that has happened since we parted. The tide was against us all the way from Margate to London, so we did not arrive till 5 o'clock, and were rather hurried to save our time by the mail at 8. We had an entertaining companion, fresh from the Paris Riots, of which he gave a good account; and though rather tired we arrived very comfortably at Liverpool by 6 o'clock yesterday evening, crossed the Mersey immediately, and found a car waiting to take us four miles through a wild sort of level between the mouths of the Dee and Mersey to

Cust's house called the Leasowe Castle. . . . We did not arrive at Liverpool to-day, till they said the railway party had started. However we thought best to try for it, and by great luck reached the place just as the very last of the machines was starting. We had only one ticket, but the people—tradesmen and the like—very obligingly pulled us in among them, and away we went at a prodigious rate, through cuts and bridges, over roads and causeways, all lined with thousands of people, for about fourteen miles, when the whole concern was stopped at an appointed place to take in water for the engines. I should now explain that there were about six, each drawing several things like coaches, brakes, and cars, holding the company, and occupying near half a mile in length.

"When this halt took place Cust and I got down, and walked forward to the leading train, where the Duke and all the Heaton party were placed, in order to get taken into their carriage, which was like a great tent on wheels, and held some fifty people. Just as we reached it, we found that a dreadful accident had happened to Mr. Huskisson, who had got out of his carriage, and was walking about rather heedlessly, when one of the attendant carriages coming past, everybody jumped out of the road or got up into

the tent carriage, which the Duke had, just before, cautioned him to do. By some awkwardness, or getting flurried, he fell in attempting to do this, and his leg lying across the track of the passing carriage, it ran over him and broke his thigh-bone before anyone could help him. When taken up he said he felt he should die, and begged them to call Mrs. Huskisson, who arrived in a moment from the car—poor creature! and assisted in laying him in one of the carriages. A good surgeon was presently on the spot, but I think twenty minutes' time was lost in deciding what to do with him, for we were about half-way between Liverpool and Manchester. I begged one of the surgeons and people about him not to hesitate in starting at all speed for Manchester, which at last they did decide upon, and fastening a machine to the carriage in which he lay, they were out of sight in an instant (they say at forty miles an hour), for they put the thing to its extreme speed, and had no weight but the poor man, with her and the surgeon. There now was a dreadful contrast to the former gaiety of the scene which was indescribable, and a debate arose as to what should be done, for immense preparations had been made for the Duke at Manchester, and though he and everybody felt it was by no

means proper to proceed on a party of pleasure, yet the magistrates declared there was so enormous a crowd expecting him, that if the mob were disappointed there would inevitably be a riot of a most serious kind. It was therefore settled that we should go on to Manchester, send to enquire after Mr. H., and return at once without going to the Collation. The trains were therefore again started after an hour lost in discussion. On arrival, the scene was truly wonderful. I did not think there had been so many people in *all England.* The report of Huskisson was almost hopeless. The people crowded round our car to shake the Duke's hand, who was exceedingly good-humoured to them and was enthusiastically cheered ; and they detained us near two hours before we could start to return, which, had no accident occurred, was to have been by four o'clock, in time for me to start by the steamer at five. Had it not been for the gloom and horror of this accident, which most of the party actually saw, it was impossible to see a more splendid sight ; and as the motion is so very smooth, and the cars so low and broad that there is no fear of danger, the speed with which one was whirled through the multitude of spectators was the most exhilarating sensation you can imagine. The journey ended

by coming through a subterranean railway a mile in length *under the whole town of Liverpool*, into the Dockyard. Altogether my day has been like some feverish dream with a mixture of wonder at all I saw and distress at this poor man's accident."

Before the accession of the Duke of Clarence to the throne, he and the Duchess resided at Bushey Park, where Major and Lady Georgiana de Roos, being near neighbours, were often invited to dine with them. The Duke was extremely curious about everybody's doings, and Lady de Ros used to tell the following anecdote of the Royal inquisitiveness.

She met His Royal Highness one day when she was going into Kingston. He inquired where she was going. She replied, "To Kingston, sir." "What for?" "To shop, sir." "What are you going to buy?" "Petticoats for the children, sir," and she had the greatest

difficulty in preventing His Royal Highness from accompanying her.

Her sister-in-law, the Hon. Olivia de Roos,* was afterwards Maid of Honour to Queen Adelaide, and a great favourite with her and the King, who, on the occasion of her marriage to the Hon. Henry Wellesley (afterwards Earl Cowley) insisted on the ceremony taking place at Windsor Castle, on the 22nd of October, 1833, the King giving the bride away; and His Majesty was much disappointed that the bride and bridegroom declined to be present at the large banquet he gave afterwards.

The late Duchess of Gloucester always showed great kindness to Lady Georgiana, being an intimate friend of her aunt, Lady Bathurst. In July 1835, Colonel de Roos

* The spelling of the family name was altered in 1838 to de Ros.

was sent at two days' notice by Lord Palmerston, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with Captain Drinkwater of the Royal Navy as his colleague, to accompany Lord Durham's embassy to the Black Sea, in order to observe the warlike preparations which the Russian Government was said to be making. He was absent six months, a period of much anxiety to Lady Georgiana, as his return journey through Moldavia and Wallachia, in deep snow in the middle of winter, was one of great difficulty and danger. He used to tell how he made notes of the Sebastopol fortifications on his shirt-sleeve.

From Lady Georgiana F. de Ros to Col. the Hon. Wm. F. de Ros.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, *March 26th*, 1839.

"The Duke has just brought us all to our rooms, and as it is not quite dressing-time, I shall scribble some of his conversation. He was

most amiable about you and very sorry not to see you.

"He talked with Lord Tweeddale about Sir J. S., who, it appears, had a most ungovernable temper. He was standing one day with his arms folded behind him, and Sodere (that Portuguese about whom he tells such good stories) was in the room—whom he hated; and so he marched up to him, saying, 'You had better go off; directly I unfold my arms and put them in front, I cannot resist knocking you down, and not even the presence of the Commander of the Forces shall prevent my doing so.'

"Then at Seringapatam 'there was a devil of a breeze,' for a native prince came through a gate which Sir John thought ought not to be passed through, and he actually fired at him! The Duke was obliged to remonstrate, and observed, 'After all, Sir J., you were yourself passing through that gate, and ought not to have been there.' This made no impression, except reiterated oaths, accompanied with, 'All I can say is, that if I had met *you* there, I should have fired at *you*.'!"

After Colonel de Ros's accession to the title in 1839, he changed his residence to

Cholmleys, a villa on the Thames, near Boyle Farm, and he also spent as much time as his military duties permitted at Old Court, on Lough Strangford, where they had built a small house, which has since been much enlarged. He and Lady de Ros entirely created the gardens and pleasure-grounds, and took the greatest interest in the place and in the people, by whom they were much beloved, and their memory is to this day warmly cherished there.

The following letter is characteristic of the kind interest taken by the great Duke in Lady de Ros and her family, which was maintained unbroken until his death.

From Lady de Ros, 1842.

"I enjoyed my dinner much [at Apsley House] for the Duke was so kind. 'I thought it would do you good to come away from your boy's sick-room, and as he is doing so well, I

thought I would send after you'—and he called me to sit next him at dinner, though it was not my place."

One of the last appointments made by the Duke of Wellington, as Constable of the Tower, was that of Lord de Ros to be Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower; and in the summer of 1852 Lady de Ros was present at the official entry of the Duke into the Tower as Master of the Trinity House.

Anecdotes told by the Duke of Wellington, and written down at the time.

1836.—George IV. had, from the time he was quite a young man, been in the habit of carrying about him a douillette pocket-book, into which he used to put money, letters, trinkets, miniatures, and any of the numerous fans, odd gloves, locks of hair, and similar keepsakes which he was always

adding to his stock from all quarters. As soon as his pocket-book became full, he used to put it away in a drawer without ever troubling himself to examine its present contents or take out whatever money it might contain, mixed with the miscellaneous articles. Whenever he thus put away a full pocket-book, he took another to replace it from a great stock of new ones he kept by him, and this, as soon as filled, was laid by and replaced in like manner. At the time of his death it devolved upon the Duke and another to examine the personal effects of the King, and accordingly they had to look over the contents of a whole chest of drawers entirely filled with these pocket-books, filled and stowed away by the King from the time he was a young man. When the Duke first looked at one of them, and found the toys it contained, he was about

to have the whole stock burnt, but some money accidentally fell out, which led to a careful scrutiny of others, and they actually collected in various sums no less than £10,000 from these pocket-books, after which they caused them to be destroyed with their less important contents.

The following incident is given as related by the Duke of Wellington.

Strathfieldsaye, March 28th, 1839.—"Sir W. G. was not fit for his situation—he knew nothing and would not obey orders. I remember one day I was riding with Sir Edward Paget, who said, 'G. has made a false movement.' I fired up instantly, and exclaimed, 'Where and when?'—to Sir Edward's amusement, who had only been alluding to G.'s having come out to Spain, whereas I thought he was talking of some movement with the troops. He had a *protégé* of the name of

De B., a great rascal—and God forgive me if I wrong the man, but I always have suspected him of giving information which got us into a bit of a scrape near Madrid. He was with a patrol, and he said to someone, 'I will show you how to treat a picket,' and he galloped off and was not seen again. Soon after, the French, without feeling their way in the least, or doing the usual things on such occasions, rushed in and surprised us, and I am almost certain the information (for information they must have had) was given by De B., and many others were of the same opinion. I told it to G., who was very angry. Afterwards, when we were in Madrid, Alava took me one evening to see some ladies, friends of his, at whose house most of the other party met, and the first person we saw there was De B., who looked so ashamed

of himself that Alava and I were confirmed in our opinion."

Strathfieldsaye, December, 1839.—"Polignac was not a stupid man, on the contrary, sharp and intelligent, but his fanaticism was inconceivable, and there never was a more bitter enemy to England. He was always busy about the state of Roman Catholicism in this country and in Ireland, and never lost sight of the notion of the revival of the Roman Catholic religion in Europe.

"The Expedition to Algiers was entirely his own scheme, with a view of courting popularity by the delusion of military glory. Even Buonaparte did not go beyond Polignac in aversion to England, and in this idea of military glory being the only engine by which to govern the French. He also invariably reverted to the views of Louis XIV. respecting the Rhine being

the proper boundary for France, and it was almost wholly at his instigation that Potter and the other malcontents in Flanders organised their rebellion, though it did not break out till after he and all that he belonged to had fallen victims to their own Revolution of the Three Days—a just retribution upon him at least.

"Marmont was of opinion that, had he remained with the Court as a matter of course, he would not have been molested, but permitted to embark along with the King and his other followers; but he foolishly attempted to escape disguised as the footman of a lady who had brought the Duchesse d'Angoulême in disguise as her maid from the south of France. Polignac, though he might have known better from former experiences, never thought of laying aside his rings and ornaments he used to wear, and was also so

foolish as to sit at dinner with the lady whose servant he represented himself to be, which caused him to be detected and arrested at Granville, where he thought he could get on board a vessel for England.

"He is now living on his estate in the north of France; there has been no confiscation of his property, nor of that of the other followers of Charles X. His second wife was a widow, Mme. César de Choiseul, *née* Miss Parkins, an Irish young lady."

Walmer Castle, September 13th, 1840.—The Duke told us that at the dinner after the Duke of York's funeral, Mr. Canning made a speech to the effect that, as Officers of the Army were subscribing for a statue of the Duke of York, it would become a question whether their pay was not too high! Sir Alexander Hope answered angrily that the statue was a present from certain Officers to the club, not a general

contribution, and that he was one of those who subscribed to it. The Duke added, "And I another," which stopped Canning at once.

Walmer, October 10*th.*—"After the battle of Fuentes d'Onor I positively saw the French taking up the dead horses and cutting them up, and then putting them into the bullock-carts, and I had them followed and watched, and found that they were taken to another part of the French army, which had not been in action, and delivered out as rations!

"Nothing could be more dignified and well-bred than the manners of Charles X. of France. When he was in England as *Monsieur*, I had opportunities of seeing him in the company of George IV.; and, with all the acknowledged pretension of the latter to fine manners, the contrast between them was striking, Charles X.

was everything most gentlemanlike and refined, while the other, from his flourish and display, might have passed for his valet!"

On the day Marmont determined on the necessity of the troops abandoning Paris, he had an interview with the Duke d'Angoulême, in which the latter (although it had never occurred to him to mount his horse and show himself to the soldiers in the moment of danger) so violently reproached Marmont for his failure, and used such threatening gestures in the heat of his passion, that the Marshal actually laid his hand on his sword, and, stepping back, said to him in a manner not to be mistaken, "*Prenez garde—prenez garde, Monseigneur! n'allez pas trop loin!*"

Strathfieldsaye, May 29th, 1844.—"The Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and Duke of Clarence made a plan for raising some

£100,000 on a post-obit bond on the death of George III. It was deposited at Hammersly's, but the Duke of Portland, then Prime Minister, hearing of it, sent the police to seize it as illegal and treasonable, because it was a record of imagining the King's death. However, an attested copy had been sent to Paris, and, as it was just the commencement of the Reign of Terror, there were plenty of unfortunate persons ready to take coupons, and a very large number were issued. Labannue, a Dutch banker, was one of the chief managers, and he and another being reported to the revolutionary authorities, as aiding the aristocrats to conceal their money, were tried and guillotined. As for the money, neither the Prince of Wales nor his brothers ever got a shilling; it was all made away with.

"There was a capital story told of me

in Spain. I don't know that it was all quite true, but that don't signify. It was a fashion at one time for our men to plunder bee-hives. I met a fellow one day who had got one, and was carrying it off. I stopped him and asked him where he had got it. 'Why, out there where the picket is; but if you don't make haste they will all be gone,' was the soldier's reply! A Spaniard caught one of our men plundering a bee-hive, and he took it and rammed it down on his head like a shako, with the bees and honey all in it!"

The Duke, as Sir A. Wellesley, was asked to be godfather to a baby which was born on the voyage to or from India, in the Madras Roads. He lost sight of his godson for some years, until one day, when he was out hunting in England, he was struck by a remarkably rough, ungentlemanlike lad, and, asking his name, he was

much horrified to find it was his godson. So he spoke to the boy's tutor, and begged him to attend more particularly to his manners; he then himself sent the youth first to Sandhurst and then to Oxford, got him a commission, and he turned out very well.

The following letters from Miss Eden allude to the Reform Bill Riots, and the formation of Lord Grey's Government, in which her brother was one of the Secretaries to the Treasury.

Miss Eden to Lady Georgiana F. de Ros.

25*th Nov.*, 1830.

"Thank you a thousand times for writing to me.

"I was going to write to you, but I was told at Bridgewater House, that you were fighting the rebels, and that your direction was not known—supposed Canterbury; so then I trusted

to the papers to tell you of George's * appointment. Of course we were being very much pleased with it, and are so still, I believe—and yet I rather begin to wonder where the joke is—seeing that I have seen him but for five minutes the last three days, and to-day I have not seen him at all. I do not think that amusing at all; however, he likes business and it is all right, I daresay. What little airs we may choose to give ourselves will, I think, be in the general mysterious diplomatic line—the airs of wealth we have settled *not* to attempt, because as this Government is not probably worth three months' purchase, it would be a pity to change a way of life with which we are all contented now, and which we might not like to return to. George suggested with much diffidence, that as he must be often at Court, he thought he might be allowed to buy a dress-sword; to which I rejoined that I thought a hammock-cloth (*sic*) would be better under those circumstances than a dicky —and these, it appears, are the only privations under which we can have been suffering.

"We went down to see the Lord Chancellor (Brougham) take his seat. It was very amusing, as we have seen a great deal of him in his struggle against the Chancellorship, and knew

* Lord Auckland.

all the pangs that his—annihilation I believe was the word—gave him. He shook hands so demurely as he went in, and he sat so patiently on the woolsack, watching his mace, even his nose was stupefied into quiet. . . . Your protégé, Lord Melbourne has been so attacked and sneered at about his indolence, that he was at the Home Office on Tuesday morning by six o'clock, and consequently there was not a clerk up or ready for him. Lady ——— marries Mr. ———, nephew to Rundell; 45,000*l.* a year, Lord B——'s house, and everything that is to be wished—except in the article of manners. He has taken the fatal vow of vulgarity like—the man in 'The Heroine,' and in the most unlimited sense."

From Hon. Emily Eden.

1831.

"I hear strange accounts of society. Second childhood begins at the early age of forty now, —and all the matron society of London meets every evening to play at nice little infantine games, literally every evening at Lady D. Stuart's, Lady Tankerville's, Lord Dudley's, anywhere. All of a sudden the P. of O. and Mrs. F. insist on a good game, and they begin playing at the 'Toilette de

Madame,' 'Birds, Beasts, and Fishes,' and 'Puss in the Corner.' The other night, at the second of those games, somebody called out to the P. of O. 'Beast,' to which he gave the natural answer 'Donkey, E-haw E-haw E-haw,' and added, '*Ah, c'est trop fatigant, il faut changer l'animal*,' on which G., who was playing cards in the next room, could not help gently remarking '*C'est ce que la Belgique a déjà fait!*" These parties end in mulled claret for the gentlemen, and cigars for the ladies. When we have settled that little frivolous point of Reform in Parliament, we must try something more serious about Reform in Society. An act for the suppression of 'Puss in the Corner,' and a bill to prevent the unlawful assembling of persons as Birds, Beasts, and Fishes, must be our next case. I will mention it to the Chancellor.

"The clerks at the Home Office complain that they are over-worked by dear Lord Melbourne, who we all know possesses every private virtue under heaven—you recollect one Broadstairs' opinion of him; but none of us suspected his public energy, did we? In short we are a wonderful ministry, and we shall see on the 1st of March what people think of us."

From Hon. Emily Eden.

May 1833.

The London Season.—"It is very difficult to get any interruption at this moment to the London turmoil. 'The creature is in its flurry,' as Tom Coffin says of a whale, and as I always feel of London in May and June. The streets are not wide enough for the carriages, nor the week long enough for its engagements, there is not enough money to spend, nor sufficient time to spend it, not people enough to go to the dinners that are given, yet more than enough to fill the largest house that can be opened for them. In short such a mess! Puck was a clever fellow when he looked on and said, 'Oh what fools these mortals be!' They were just the same in his time."

From Hon. E. Eden.

"Lady Holland has certainly organised a good system of society—ten people every day at dinner, and a few in the evening, and there is always an author for the good of one's mind, and a doctor to prevent one's dropping down dead, and the rest are people who know each other well, and have the same politics."

On her return from India in 1842, Miss Eden wrote:

"I am getting on very well with England, thank you; fine climate, good roads, fair-complexioned people, language not difficult, costume rather unbecoming, but probably adapted to the feelings and wants of the natives, in short it all does very well."

November, 1842.

"I shall be glad to hear how you are settled at your sea. The houses, I believe, are good at St. Leonards, but still they are not home, and I daresay the chimneys smoke, or the windows rattle, or there are some odd, inexplicable draughts that come blowing in under your feet, or behind your ear. I believe you do not detest that rumbling old monster, with its eternal fidget and smell of bad salt, to the degree that might be expected from a person of such general good taste. Do you know any St. Leonardites, anything that will at once enable you 'to move in the first circles' of St. Leonards, or must you 'work your way up'?"

1847.

"How oddly little coincidences occur! My sister had lent me the old Indian journals I

wrote to her, by way of amusing me, not that amusement is the characteristic of Indian letters, but last night I was poring over some of them, and I came to a grand character I had written of you, evidently struck off in a transport of enthusiasm after reading one of those delicious little books in the shape of letters that you used to write to me. However, there was no mention of your letter, but a simple intimation that you possessed every virtue under the sun, and every charm that graced earth, and all other merits besides. I began to think as I had heard so little of you lately, that posterity would be grossly deceived, and that I must add a note explaining that there were spots on that sun, that as life wore on, this paragon's powers of penmanship wore out. But to-day your nice letter has appeared, and the text may remain without annotation. Your Irish accounts are very satisfactory. It is a comfort to hear of any one nook in that wretched country that is peaceable. I wish Lord Clarendon would pretend to misconstrue part of the Coercion Bill, and fancy he had seen a clause empowering him to hang John of Tuam,* and Laffan, and M'Dermott, &c., and then, when he had hanged

* MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam.

them, we could all be so sorry, and get a bill of Indemnity passed instantly."

The death of the Duke of Wellington in September 1852 was a great shock to Lady de Ros. It was announced to her by the Duke's faithful servant Kendall.

WALMER CASTLE, 14*th Sept.*, 1852.

MY LADY,

I sent a letter this afternoon by messenger to your house in London, but should you be at Strangford, possibly you may receive this first.

It is my painful duty to inform you that the Duke of Wellington died this afternoon at a quarter past three o'clock. He was as well as usual yesterday, and went to bed to all appearance quite well. I found him unwell this morning when I went to his room, but capable of asking me to send for the doctor. He died at the time above stated. Lord and Lady Charles are in the Castle, and witnessed his last.

I have the honour to remain

Your Ladyship's most obedient Servant,

"H. KENDALL."

Her cousin, Lady Georgiana Bathurst, then Lady in Waiting to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, knowing how Lady de Ros would wish for all the details of this great event, wrote to her also.

Lady Georgiana Bathurst to Lady de Ros.

WEDNESDAY, 15*th Sept.*

"An hour after the post was gone the overwhelming intelligence reached us—as yet we have only the telegraphic account. What a loss! how it takes one by surprise, one can hardly believe it, little as one saw of him. Yet it seems as if it would quite alter one's existence. The world without that great name, one can hardly believe it! I am happy to hear the C. Wellesleys were at Walmer. Well may we all say, 'We ne'er shall see his like again.'"

RICHMOND PARK, 26*th Sept.*

"I came here Thursday, and found my Duchess (Gloucester) thinking of nothing but the sad event which, one still feels, fills all one's thoughts. The Queen's letter to the Duchess is really beautiful. She calls the poor dear Duke the

greatest patriot, and the most devoted servant to the Crown this country ever had; that she can hardly yet believe he is here no longer to be referred to.

"There is to be general mourning ordered the day of the funeral; in the meantime the Queen is in mourning for a week, and so is my Duchess and the Cambridges. The Duchess of Cambridge sheds many tears in talking of the Duke, but feels, as we all must, that we ought to be thankful he was taken before his faculties failed."

(*After the lying in state.*)

SUNDAY, *Nov.*

"To my mind the room in black cloth, with soldiers on each side with arms reversed, was very sad and appropriate. The intense crowd was wonderful, and so it will be each day"

THURSDAY.

"We are returned from seeing the sad procession from Gloucester House. As far as there all went well; it was a melancholy and striking sight, but the car! oh, so frightful! I can't describe it. I must leave it to the *Morning Post*."

Lord de Ros took part in the military arrangements for the funeral. He wrote,

November 11th: "I am quite touched by this act of kindness of Lord Hardinge. He took me aside (at Lord Derby's dinner), and said he knew no one who had more veneration for the Duke's memory; and thinking it would be agreeable to my feelings to take an active part in rendering him the last honours, he had put me in orders as Quartermaster-General of the troops assembled for the occasion, under command of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge."

Again, on November 19th he wrote:

"At length this heavy load is off my back. Yesterday I was nearly eleven hours on my unfortunate horse. However, everybody tells me that the march and formation of the troops was perfectly managed. It was at the last stroke of eight that the first section moved off, and in exactly four hours the whole infantry was formed, and the cavalry and guns

packed away in back streets, with a clear passage for the car and carriages, but the anxiety and fatigue were great. The Duke of Cambridge thanked me in the most friendly, cordial way, when we parted at 5.30, after all was over. Fancy my finding the Lord Mayor, in his huge coach, so placed that one regiment could not have formed at all. I took twenty men, and moved him, bodily, coach and all, just in time. Then the undertakers deserted the car when the Service began, and I was forced to send a police serjeant to drag out the head man, sending at the same time for thirty Life Guards and forty Foot Guards to drag it off and escort it, unless he moved it in ten minutes by my watch! This brought them to their work, and I got it away just before the Service ended. All these are trifles, but I should have been so vexed had any thing gone

wrong. I felt it a sort of obligation to his memory and a relief to many painful thoughts."

St. James's Palace,
November 20th, 1852.

"My dear De Ros,

I think it right to forward to you the accompanying General Order which has been issued by the General Commanding in Chief to the troops employed on the 18th instant, and in so doing I cannot deprive myself of the pleasure of again assuring you that I am extremely indebted to you for the trouble you took in aiding my humble endeavours that all should go well on the occasion of so great and so national a solemnity.

"I remain, my dear De Ros,

"Yours most sincerely,

"George."

The year 1854 brought great anxiety to Lady de Ros. As soon as the expedition to Turkey was decided on, there were reports that Lord de Ros would be among the officers selected for the Staff. He was

employed for some weeks in February and March going to and from Paris with confidential communications between the Duke of Newcastle and the Emperor Napoleon, for which, from his near relationship to Lord Cowley, then British Ambassador at Paris, and also from his facility in speaking French, he was peculiarly fitted. This mission was full of interest, as the following extracts from his letters show.

Extract from Lord de Ros's Letters from Paris.

Feb., 1854.

"I am none the worse in any way for about twenty-eight hours of writing, talking, reading on one subject with all sorts and classes of human beings, and only half an hour's walk at night from the Tuileries. . . . . My astonishment increases the more I see of that marvellous being! . . . . Here we have gone on with discussions and discourses, and looking over maps, and writing notes for another day in the same style. I hear that a certain potentate took very well some contradiction I felt bound

to oppose to him, which speaks well for his good sense and right feeling."

March 4th.

"Yesterday I was for an hour with Marshal Magnan, an hour with Veli Pasha, and three hours with the Emperor, who took me in an open carriage with him to see the trial of his light breaching-guns, with which they knocked down about £500 worth of a fine new fort near Suresne. It all seems to me like a strange dream. I find I can now say anything I please to him, and you may be sure I do so. . . . Something must be done about State Secrets, for they get out even quicker than private ones now. The more I see of my new *trade* of Diplomacy, the more I perceive the infinite value of attention to personal feelings of others and of putting one's own aside entirely. This morning I have been with Marshals Vaillant and St. Arnaud. The former is one of the most charming old gentlemen I ever met, and exceedingly sensible, as well as eminent in his merit as an engineer. I have been writing to —— and —— all I can learn worth telling them almost daily, but I get no answers, nor do I really know what *I am* here, nor what is expected of me. However, H. agrees in supposing I am fulfilling my

mission, like General Prim, only without much chance of his bag of piastres! . . . I am glad to say I think I have done good in sobering down wild schemes, and I must say I have every reason to be more than content with 'the author'* for his reception and support of my views in this respect."

Lady de Ros fondly hoped that this mission would prevent his being sent to Turkey, but Lord Raglan, one of his oldest friends, was most desirous of his services as Quartermaster-General of the Army, and she at once, as a good soldier's wife, resigned herself to the terrible parting, appreciating the compliment to him. She followed him to Paris, where the Staff remained for a week on their way to the East. A curious incident occurred during their stay. The Emperor invited the English officers to see some military experiments at Vincennes, after which he

* The Emperor.

walked into the Chapel, and stood for a few moments in silence by the tomb of the Duc d'Enghien. Lord Raglan, Lord de Ros, and the other officers who were standing by, were much struck by this tacit acknowledgment on the part of the Emperor in their presence, of the great blot on his uncle's fame.

Lady de Ros wrote the account of this to Lady Georgiana Bathurst, whose reply is given.

Lady de Ros to Lady Georgiana Bathurst.

EASTER TUESDAY, *March* 1854.

"How very nice of you, dearest G., to write me such an agreeable long letter in the midst of all your turmoil; it really must have appeared like a dream to you, who recollected former days. I am thinking much of you to-day! as I fear by what you say Wm. positively goes. I think you are better at Paris at present, but it will be sad wherever you are. . . . How curious that visit to Vincennes!"

At first Lord de Ros stood the heat of the climate well, and was deeply interested in his work. He was sent in May by Lord Raglan to Shumla, to communicate with Omer Pacha, and gave the following account of his expedition.

May 11th.

"We landed at Varna, at 8 a.m., and set off for Devna, along the shore of a wild, melancholy lake which runs up inland from Varna. My A.D.C., the interpreter, my bâtman, and myself on ragged but well-bred ponies, and our baggage strapped on the backs of three other miserable little nags. After four hours' riding we arrived at a most picturesque glen, where we stopped to eat bread and drink cold tea, and then on to the village of Devna, where we found a squadron of Turkish cavalry, an outpost of the army.

"The commanding officer had not even a quarter guard, no patrols out, and no guess where the Russians might be, all alike to him! Here Henri (St. Arnaud's A.D.C.) came up, with Colonel Dupuis of the Turkish cavalry, and a Captain de Romano, a very pleasant gentleman-like fellow of the regiment of Guides

come here to see the army. We cooked up a joint supper by eight, and we went to *bed*, or rather to *floor*, my party in a very small room absolutely empty, the Frenchmen in the kitchen. I was up before five, being awoke by my guard of honour, got some boiled rice-milk, and was off at six. My 'guard of honour' were four men and a serjeant; two had spurs, the third a pair of old slippers, the fourth boots outside his trousers; none had straps. They slept outside the house-door with no end of fowls, dogs, and cattle. Such a procession in the yard for starting, and such work to pack the baggage. We reached another outpost about eleven, when the standard was unfurled, and the Colonel gave us some pipes and very nasty coffee-grounds in his tent, while his wild-looking troopers stared at us, and saluted by kissing their hands to us.

"We approached Shumla towards sunset, and a most beautiful scene it presented. The town lies in a large amphitheatre under a wooded mountain, all along the top of which were Turkish camps and forts, and two large camps with the red standard on each side as you enter the gates from the plain. There, however, the illusion ends, for such a beastly, ramshackle, filthy, rubbishy place it is hard to describe! The outskirts of Drogheda are clean and tidy

compared to it! After plunging and tumbling and scrambling along the streets, or rather lanes, for half an hour, we were met by Captain Simmons,* our resident engineer here, who got us some dinner. With some difficulty Simmons procured us a lodging belonging to General Cannon (Evans' A.D.C. at Chobham, who is converted into a Turkish general! and is now at Constantinople). We slept sound enough, as you may suppose.

"Next day we went to see Omer Pacha. He is a very fine-looking man, a very military air, with most gentlemanlike, quiet manners combined with great spirit, genius, and resolution; no bravado, but much sound sense. He uses French, Italian, and German in conversation, just as he finds the suitable word, which is a little puzzling till one is used to it. He dispenses with all the nonsense of coffee and pipes, and proceeds at once to business, which he discusses clearly and plainly. He has no end of attendants and officers, who treat him with much respect. I asked him if the reporters were not a trouble to him. "*Non*," he said, "*quand je n'ai pas molti affari il m'amouse de les voir et intendere was sie haben von neues zu sagen.*" He offered me a Pacha to go round the works,

* Now F.M. Sir Lintorn Simmons.

but I preferred Simmons alone, who is an extraordinary clever fellow, and cannot be too much praised for all he has done here.

"We rode for many hours over the mountains above the town, and then went to see some Egyptian regiments exercising on the plain outside the Great Camp, and got back to a late dinner, which we had scarcely finished when we heard a prodigious clatter of horses and soldiers in the little yard of Simmons' lodging, and in walked Omer Pacha to tea! He made himself very agreeable on several—besides military—subjects, but I was so sleepy I could hardly listen. He said good-humouredly, he saw I was tired, and after requesting to see me next day at dinner, he retired."

SUNDAY.

"The following morning, Sunday, I visited Omer Pacha, to return his private visit, and to thank him for his consideration of my unfortunate sleepiness, after which we had an hour of business alone; and then, after reading prayers, I took a walk with young Cannon, a Scotch clergyman, who showed me a very remarkable Bulgarian school and chapel, where three hundred boys are instructed in mathematics, arithmetic, Greek, French and German. It is supported by

the tradesmen of Shumla—who they are or what they trade in except teapots and sugar-plums I really do not know, for that is all I see in the shops ; but however, not only is the school excellently fitted up with maps, books, &c., it is looked after by a Bishop and an Archbishop. Omer Pacha by-the-bye has a Dervish as Chaplain, such as is not often found among our clergy. He *wears* two brace of pistols, a dagger, a scimitar, and a huge blunderbuss hung over his shoulder, with a large pouch-belt full of ammunition. He is a great fierce, tall fellow, nearly black, and one of his chief duties is to break young horses for the Pacha!

"The dinner was a most tiresome affair—we went at seven, as invited, but the Pachas came in one after another so unpunctual that it was 8.30 before we sat down to the very nastiest and oddest preparation of victuals I ever tasted—grease, grease, grease! all grease! We took leave with much cordiality, and when I see what he has done, for he has the whole work of the army with no assistance but Simmons, I certainly feel more than common interest in his fate. Simmons possesses much of his confidence, and he could not place it better. The regular Turkish and Egyptian soldiers are orderly and

obedient, and had they better officers would be very respectable troops.

"We started for Pravadi, Capt. Simmons coming with us so far to show me some new works there and also some important features of the country. We came a little round to see Madara, where there is a very curious cave in a precipice, where five hundred men could be sheltered under a huge projection of rock. I never beheld grander or more beautiful scenery than at Madara. It is six miles from Shumla, and the road is through pretty woods and through a Bulgarian village as clean as Shumla is the contrary. Poor people! they were quite relieved to find our cavalcade was not composed of the villanous Bashki Bazouks, a sort of Turkish yeomanry who are doing every sort of mischief and crime and who must be most severely controlled or disbanded and disarmed. On reaching Pravadi, Simmons, and W. and I set off (on hands and knees part of the way) to examine a sort of natural citadel above the town, which is like Shumla, in a horse-shoe valley, we got up the mountain and then clambered up a stair in the rock, till we reached a plateau shaped like a pear, of several acres' extent and accessible to troops only at the *stalk,* which is about six feet wide, a ridge of

rock with such a precipice on each side, awful even to look down. It had evidently been a castle of the middle ages—the steps of more modern work. Part of the old gate still exists, but the rest had been utterly ruined and the walls rolled down to the valley where we saw many huge piles of cut stone. This plateau is to be the resource of the Turkish troops in and about Pravadi, and Simmons has found some wells which we hope to get cleaned out—they were cut in the living rock with much art, and one is probably very deep indeed. On the broad part of the plateau we found a huge rock, which we think may, with a little labour be converted into casemates for one thousand men. These gigantic features and strange old ruins were most interesting, and Omer Pacha having requested me to examine them with a military view, I did not like to hurry over it, and we got down to our Bulgarian hut, having been twelve hours on horseback, pretty well tired.

We were off at 6 a.m. on better horses than we had yet obtained, and about ten we passed Devna. We got a cup of coffee at a little khan there, and then made the best of our way to the pretty fountain in the glen where we had stopped before. Here we dined on some cold turkey Simmons had given us, with a large party of

Bulgarian peasants, all like the people in Raphael's cartoons, and civil, good creatures as ever I saw. Just as we were leaving the fountain up came Gen. Cannon from Varna going post for Shumla. He told me Lord Raglan was anxiously expecting my return, and the *Banshee* waiting for me with her steam up, and that Lord R., Marshal St. Arnaud and the Seraskier were coming up as soon as I should return, for a council with Omer Pacha, whom Cannon was to request to meet them at Varna.

"Of course we pushed on. A. W. saved me fatigue by driving my post-horse before him with a hunting-whip! We got to Varna by five, and as soon as I had examined some matters at the pier and landing-place, we sailed, had a quiet passage, and reached Scutari about 9 a.m.

"I went straight to Lord R., and by his wish afterwards to Lord Stratford, who detained me so late that I could not go to a great dinner given by the Sultan. I had much to write in throwing my numerous notes into a report, and it was past twelve before I could get to bed, but you will like to know everybody says I am looking the better for my extraordinary journey. . . . Mrs. Brown of Strabane, near Lisburn, is my washerwoman, and I hear Irish in

every direction to my unspeakable refreshment. . . . Things are now in better order, and I am, though *incessantly occupied*, not incessantly harassed as at first. I fear my letters are very unconnected, for I write them on boxes, on men's backs, on saddles, anywhere as I get time!"

It is matter of history how the army moved on in June to Varna, where the incessant hard work and the heat of the climate proved too much for Lord de Ros, and he had a severe attack of fever and ague at the end of July. Instead of his usual cheerful and interesting letters, the August mail brought from Lord Raglan the alarming intelligence of his serious illness. In the hope that change of air would lead to his recovery, he was sent to Buyukdere, but after two relapses, it was decided by a medical board that he must go home, to his most deep mortification and sorrow, for he could not bear leaving Lord Raglan

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at the moment of the embarkation for the Crimea.

He returned to England in September, very much weakened, and was obliged to lead an invalid life for many months, but the rest of home and Lady de Ros's devoted nursing restored him to health, although he was ever afterwards subject to return of ague and the Varna fever.

The Hon. Emily Eden to Lady de Ros.

BROADSTAIRS, *Sept.* 1854.

"I did not know till I heard from Lord Derby that you and dear Lord de Ros were again established at Strangford, where I earnestly trust he is regaining strength, and you recovering nerves, which must have been sorely tried. But still, when you think of all the anxious wives and mothers that have had to drag through this week, and who will, I fear, have two or three more such weeks—you must now think Lord de Ros's illness a positive blessing. I am sure I do, though I daresay he does not see it in that light; but men are no judges on those

very nice points of illness, and fighting, and home and abroad, &c. He did his best by going, and staying much longer than he ought, and now he must do his best, by letting you nurse him up again into good health. . . . My history is extremely uneventful, but *smooth*, which is the best thing I can hope for now.

"My cottage is very charming (to me at least) and my garden a great interest all the more from having no gardener, and that flowers are so utterly unknown at Broadstairs, that I could not hire a labourer who knew one from another, or who could even mow the lawn, so I imported a ragged boy from a London family who are pensioners of mine, and gave him patterns of weeds and patterns of flowers, because he was naturally inclined to water the *first*, and pull up the *second*, and I direct all the planting from my sofa, and keep my boy constantly drenching the flowers (it never rains here), and the result is my garden is a mass of *colour*, and that on a fine day there are seldom fewer than three Ramsgate or Margate flys drawn up in a line, with their occupants screaming with delight at my geraniums; and the flymen wind up by pointing at me with their whips, and saying, 'Three years ago it was a mass of chalk and rubbish, and there's the sick lady herself.' I have thought

of drawing up a short but correct account of my life, as the flymen tell it, with variations!"

Lady Georgiana Bathurst was a constant correspondent of Lady de Ros, and kept her *au courant* of London news when she was in Ireland.

Lady G. Bathurst to Lady de Ros.

WHITE LODGE, *Sept.* 1855.

"I am glad the Queen's visit to the Emperor is well over; it was most admirably managed, and she was enchanted. The Princess Royal wrote a most admirable description to my Duchess, of all she had seen. She can never forget the impression all she has seen has made upon her, and very naturally alludes to the extraordinary sight of 'dear Mama' visiting Napoleon's tomb leaning on the Emperor's arm."

The same to the same on the Princess Royal's Wedding.

Jan. 1858.

"It was a pretty and interesting sight. The young bride looked so nice, and seemed so happy, though full of feeling, evidently, at quitting her family. I was much struck with the

pretty manner in which, after kissing her parents, she went up to her mother-in-law, and put her arm round her neck, as much as to say, 'You are now my mother.' . . . You never saw anything so absurd as the toilettes are this year, so many petticoats one over the other, looped up with flowers, ribbons, and bows ; I never saw the like."

After 1854 there is little of interest to relate in her life, which was chiefly passed between Old Court and London, with the exception of two winters at Cannes. Lord and Lady de Ros used to visit many country houses in Ireland, and gave a hearty welcome to the numerous friends who came to Old Court. In the summer-time several of Lord de Ros's yachting friends were in the habit of anchoring in Lough Strangford, and one who used to be often in the neighbourhood contributes the following description of Lady de Ros at that period.

"My recollections of Lady de Ros date

from the year 1858, when as a child I used to stay every summer with my grandmother at 'The Lodge,' Strangford. It would be impossible to enumerate her many acts of kind thoughtfulness to the poor in her village, where 'her Ladyship's' visits were greatly welcomed and valued.

"This kindness was equally shown to all who came to the house. The young people of the neighbourhood, who used to meet at Old Court for picnics, boating-parties, croquet, &c., felt the keen interest taken by Lady de Ros in all that went on.

"In the winter amusements, charades, &c., which used to take place at Old Court, she would enter heartily into all the preparations, sparing no pains or trouble to make all go off well.

"A day at Old Court was a red-letter day in many young lives, and I shall never forget how keenly I enjoyed hours spent

OLD COURT, STRANGFORD LOUGH.

To face page 70

there, which are amongst some of the happiest memories of my life."

For a long period Lady de Ros corresponded with Lady Westminster, who was a friend from the days of their girlhood.

Phillis in the country to her Indamina in town.
(*Lady Westminster to Lady de Ros*).

MOTCOMBE HOUSE, *April 14th*, 1859.

"At least, my dear, I suppose you are now settled there—perhaps at this very moment in a train of 'rich moiré antique,' basking in the sunshine of the Royal smile, while we are basking in no sunshine at all, but with a violent storm of a southern gale—the rain pattering against the windows, and, what is very serious, obliged to put off one school-dinner all settled for to-day, and, though the rain would not matter for the banquet itself, it quite destroys the Olympic games which take place in the garden, and which constitute, as you know, a very material part of the entertainment.

"We have just set up a night-school once or twice a week, with which la Jeunesse Agricole are perfectly delighted, and do wonderful things

with arithmetic under T.'s inspection. As I never could even learn the multiplication-table I keep quite aloof from that branch, which I leave to W. and T., and take, very humbly, care of some of the writers, and also of the very worst of the readers."

December, 1859.

"The Rifle movement has occupied me incessantly, which sounds very arrogant and something *à prétention*, but W.'s work is so overwhelming with military correspondence as Lord-Lieutenant, that I am glad when I can relieve him of any other (civilian) letters. Cheshire, my dear, has started thirty rifle companies —about 2000 men, rifle and artillery, all burning with frantic patriotism (and quite right too!). I reckon that each man costs a letter more or less on an average, and new troops constantly announcing themselves. The Lord-Lieutenants ought to have a testimonial, either a purseful of sovereigns, their own portrait leaning on a revolver, or a tea-service in German silver, with snuffers to match. I am sure they deserve it all!"

MOTCOMBE, *February 20th*, 1878.

"I have been rather putting off writing, being so engrossed, like everybody else, by the extra-

ordinary news of almost every day that I hardly felt steady enough to write, till I knew what was to come next! However, now there seems a lull. The Grand Duke and the Sultan are delighted with each other (though the Sultan would like the English ships a little nearer him!); the Russians and the Turks are all love and friendship. Russia's holy aspirations mean no harm to us! Schouvaloff is a type of forbearance and goodness, &c.—so I suppose I may write in peace!

"Meantime the country generally is delighted to hear of the preparations for war—no harm to be ready!—and it is astonishing how much the poorest people are interested, and how much they know of the leading points—how thoroughly pleased they are with Lord Beaconsfield, and thankful to him for bringing us through."

During the time that Lord de Ros was Governor of the Tower of London, he and Lady de Ros frequently entertained their friends at the Governor's house. He took the utmost pains to investigate and record all the historical associations of the fortress and its contents—of which he wrote an

account—and delighted in exhibiting them to visitors. There are few of the royal personages of Europe who have not inspected the Tower under the guidance of Lord de Ros, among the latest being the present Czar and Czarina. The Shah's visit to England was also made the occasion of one of these parties.

On January 6th, 1874, within six months of Lord and Lady de Ros's golden wedding-day, came the great sorrow of her life, in the death of her beloved husband, after a short illness. She quitted Old Court a month after, and from that time forward resided in England, living in retirement, chiefly at her house in Eaton Place, where she had always a kind welcome for her numerous relations and old friends, and their descendants down to the third generation. Lady de Ros always kept a

special store of bonbons and presents for the children, who were often brought to see her.

It gave her great pleasure to make the acquaintance of any distinguished officers, and to show them her mementoes of the Great Duke. Amongst these came General Sir Charles Yorke, who supplied her with the subsequent histories of many of the officers who were at the famous Brussels Ball; Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, whose histories of his India campaigns were a great delight to her; General Sir Gerald Graham, from whom she was much interested to hear anecdotes of his friend the heroic General Gordon; and last, though not least, General Sir Frederick (now Lord) Roberts, of whom she was a great admirer. Another of her military visitors, in whose career she took a warm interest, was the gallant Colonel Barrow,

19th Hussars; and after he had taken leave of her, to go back to Egypt, she absolutely ran to the top of the stairs with a woollen comforter of her own work to give him.

To the Hon. Mrs. Ward.

Nov. 1885.

"I had a visit from Sir Frederick Roberts after you left; he was full of praises of the D——s. He is such a simple, modest man, and I was pleased to make his acquaintance; having known most of the Peninsular generals, and all those at Waterloo, I was glad to see the most distinguished one we have now."

Feb. 23rd, 1882.

"I cannot help thinking that the old army I knew was far, far better than this new Cardwell one, composed of young generals and boy soldiers. Formerly a reverse or defeat was as rare as it is now common."

March 29th, 1882.

"It was delightful to receive your lovely flowers this morning, and some delicious violets, with beautiful pansies, also arrived from your

gardener, for which accept my best thanks. My flower-table looks so pretty and bright, only yesterday I was lamenting that it would be bare to-day. I am also very grateful for your letter telling me you are pretty well and out again. The severe and sudden changes in the weather have tried me a good deal, but I am not laid up, and I can occupy myself at home, and swarms of nephews and nieces appear most days, so I am very thankful to be as well as I am, though I have been out very seldom."

To Miss F.

May 5th, 1885.

"I have been busy illuminating book-markers and texts, and selling them for Truro Cathedral."

In connection with this, it must be explained that her interest in Truro proceeded from her friendship with Bishop Wilkinson. His visits, which began when he was Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, were always a great pleasure and comfort to her, and were continued to the last days of her life.

In August 1883 she drove from Engle-

field Green* to Bagshot, to see a musical ride of the 1st Life Guards, in which regiment she took a lively interest, as having been that of her husband, and subsequently commanded by her son, to whom she wrote the following account.

Aug. 31*st*, 1883.

"We have had an amount of gaiety. On Wednesday we went, after an early luncheon, to Bagshot; a lovely drive, and Bagshot Park perfect for the Tournament, which was the prettiest sight possible. We got tickets for the enclosure, but were soon promoted, as the Duke of Connaught came and took us off to their enclosure, where of course we saw better. The Life Guards were the admiration of all; the Duke kept applauding, and told the Duchess to clap. I never saw anything so pretty as the musical ride, which the Life Guards did much better than the Bays. We came away after the Life Guards' ride, and got back at seven. L. G. told me yesterday that it was lucky I came away when I did, as the

* Until the year 1891, Lady de Ros used to take a house at Englefield Green or Windsor for two months in the summer.

Royal Artillery beat the Life Guards in the tug-of-war. Nothing could have gone off better than the whole affair, the arrangements excellent, the weather splendid, and no accidents.

"In the enclosure we had the Napiers of Magdala, Sir Archibald and Lady Alison, and the R. Talbots very pleased at the regiment doing so well. They showed me a man of the name of Fisher, who was in Egypt, and who has lately called his little girl Kassala in remembrance of his campaign. The Duke of Connaught pointed out to me all the men who have been in Egypt. I did not feel to know the regiment at first, with their black sheep-skins, and regretted the white ones!"

During one of her visits to Englefield Green, some of the Royal Engineers were encamped at Runnymede, and it was a great delight to Lady de Ros to drive down and witness their pontooning operations. Once, when the pontoon bridge was completed to Magna Charta Island, she accepted the invitation of the officer in command to walk across it, being

escorted by Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, who was immensely interested by her telling him that the last time she had crossed a pontoon bridge was in 1815, when riding with the Great Duke.

Lady de Ros to the last took a keen interest both in public affairs and in the private concerns of her relations and friends.

She was a great letter-writer, and until her sight failed, her handwriting was beautifully clear. Every note and letter was scrupulously answered by herself, and she regularly kept a diary, besides doing all her household and other accounts. She was extremely fond of reading, and delighted in being read to. Memoirs and biography were her favourite studies, but she also much enjoyed a good novel, whether by Jane Austen or a more modern

Georgiana Lady de Ros.
from a photograph by her Son made two months before her 93rd birthday

author, viewing it however somewhat in the light of a relaxation.

Immediately after losing two teeth, at the age of eighty-three, she writes—

"I am going to read 'Blue Stockings,' which I think is rather a lazy indulgence, as I feel quite well."

She was, moreover, an adept in all kinds of work, from the finest embroidery to spinning flax! The spinning-wheel which she used for many years was presented by her to the Queen. Latterly she made it a rule to make twelve dozen crochet shawls for her annual Christmas presents, in addition to many other articles. Carving in wood was once a favourite occupation, but she excelled above all in the art of illumination, of which she has left many most beautiful specimens. Among her chief works on vellum were the de Ros Pedigree, and two

volumes of the Collects from the Prayer Book; and on wood she illuminated the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and a Scroll, for Old Court Chapel. After her ninetieth year she still illuminated texts for book-markers on ivory or cardboard, and almost her last work was a Jubilee congratulation to the Queen.

A few more specimens of her characteristic letters are given.

To Lady ——

R. Lodge, W. Park., *Oct. 2nd*, 1885.

"How very kind of you having written me such a nice letter! I cannot tell you what pleasure it gave me. I do so value old friends' attentions. I had nearly thirty letters, cards, and gifts to acknowledge.

The following letter scarcely bears out the assertion it contains.

To Lady W.

R. Lodge, W. Park,

Oct. 4th, 1888.

"I am grown deaf and stupid!" It goes on: "I have nearly lost the sight of one eye; I trust the other will last my time. I am well, barring a few small ailments, and very thankful, to be as well as I am. I had a visit from my great-great-granddaughters, which was a great pleasure to me. I have been persecuted by correspondence about the Waterloo Ball room . . . . Twenty years ago I hunted in vain for it, and then heard it had been pulled down long ago, ... but —— will not believe me, nor will he allow me to know the name of the street in which we lived! D. wrote to the *Times* . . . . . so I hope the matter will rest now. Think of the editor of a London paper coming down to Englefield Green to *interview me!*"

Dec. 14th, 1889.

"No doubt your visit to [your old home] will recall many sad memories, but I am very glad you are going, and I heartily wish it may be productive of more pleasure than pain."

Feb. 1st, 1890.

"How good of you to have sent me those lovely anemones! they quite enliven my room in the very dull gloomy, rainy weather we are having . . . I congratulate you *most* sincerely on H.'s expected return so soon. I like to think of your happiness.

"I hardly ever go out, which I do not mind so much, if I can only see to occupy myself; but it is very trying when obliged to have lamps burning all day,

"Ever with much gratitude,

"Your very affectionate

"G. DE ROS."

Lady de Ros to Lord G. FitzGerald.

July 9th, 1890.

"Accept my very best thanks for your letter and for the lace bark, which will be very useful to me, and cover all the lamp-shades I shall ever make. I sell them for the benefit of the Distressed Irish Ladies' Fund. I can no longer draw or illuminate, as my left eye is all but gone, or I would have sent you some contributions to your exhibition: as it is, I can only send you my best wishes for its success . . . I

had forty-nine visitors on Waterloo Day, and eleven people left their cards, and my room could hardly hold the flowers, &c., that were sent to me, and among them there arrived a beautiful bouquet from the Queen. All these attentions gratified me much, as they showed that my dear Duke is not forgotten."

When her eyesight did not allow of other work, she amused herself by making hand-screens with scraps, and in the country she made lamp-shades with leaves and flowers, which she designed and arranged with exquisite taste, selling them for the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, her contributions to which amounted, between July 1888 and December 1891, to £70.

The Marquis of Hertford to Lady de Ros.

May 5th, 1883.

"My dear Lady de Ros,

"The pretty and clever lamp-shades arrived safely, accompanied by the bill, which is far more interesting than those documents usually are. I

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comply with the proviso of 'no credit or discount,' by sending the money, and the bill itself for the purpose of your signing the receipt, which I beg may be in *your own* handwriting, as I hope to hand it down to posterity as a specimen of what octogenarian patience and ability can do.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"HERTFORD."

When Her Majesty's Jubilee Presents were exhibited, Lady de Ros went to see them, and the friend who accompanied her has written the following account:

"I accompanied her to St. James's Palace, where the Jubilee presents were shown. She was much interested by the display, and expressed a wish to see her own work. I went off to find it, and soon discovered a stalwart policeman mounting guard over a portion of the presents. On telling him what I was in search of, he immediately showed me Lady de Ros's illumination, adding, 'I would give any-

thing to see the old lady who drew that.' 'I will bring her here in a few minutes,' was my reply, and by the time I returned with Lady de Ros to the spot, the policeman must have told some of the bystanders of our colloquy, for I soon perceived that she was the centre of an admiring circle, who peeped round her eagerly, in order to see her, and not the presents, while she was absorbed in what was before her, equally unconscious of the policeman's respectful salute, and of the inquisitive spectators that surrounded her. One of them even whispered to me, 'That's the old lady herself!'

"When we left, we waited for the carriage in a large room on the ground-floor. Over the mantelpiece was a picture of the death of the Duke of Brunswick. I drew Lady de Ros's attention to this picture; and she told me that she had

accompanied the Duke to see him review the 'Black Brunswickers,' on the morning before the celebrated ball. He made them a little speech, saying he hoped they would always bear in mind that they had had the honour of being reviewed by a lady before going into action. Tears ran down her cheeks as she described the scene, and I saw that to her the remembrance of that long past summer morning was as fresh as ever. The fashionable London crowd, intent only on getting away as quickly as possible, never noticed the picture that so profoundly affected her, bringing back to her memory the days of her youth."

Lady de Ros witnessed the procession of the Queen's Jubilee from one of the top windows of the Duke of Grafton's house in Grosvenor Place. Two days after, the King of the Belgians, having heard of

Lady de Ros's wonderful memories of 1815, begged to be allowed to call upon her, and was deeply interested in her reminiscences of Brussels. In reading the list of the guests at the famous ball, the King remarked upon the names of four of his attendants—one of whom, Count D'Asche, was the grandson of the lady from whose house Lady de Ros remembered seeing the wounded brought in from Waterloo. The King repeated his visit when next in London.

Lady de Ros was always delighted to talk about her youthful days to those who were really interested, but she would never have published her Recollections of the Great Duke, had it not been for the newspaper controversy, which she was extremely anxious to set at rest, concerning the Brussels ball-room.

From the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

British Embassy, Rome,

March 17th, 1889.

"I have found several people here who have read your articles with the greatest admiration; indeed, anything that concerns the Duke of Wellington cannot fail to interest an Englishman, if he is worthy of the name, and I envy you your reminiscences. Dean Wellesley once presented me to him, and I saw him frequently at Windsor. . . . I am looking forward to seeing you in June, and having many a long chat. I have passed so many happy days under your roof, and I am so fond of you and yours, that I can have no greater pleasure than to see as much of you as I can.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"D. & A."

When the Recollections of the Duke of Wellington were published, Lady de Ros was quite indignant at one of the papers praising the articles as "the utterances of an octogenarian," observing "they might have given me the credit of being a

nonagenarian ;" and also remarking that "it was not often any one made their début as an author at the age of ninety-three !"

It is almost equally wonderful to relate that the venerable nonagenarian should have taken part in the Schoolboard Election of 1888, but Lady de Ros was determined upon recording her vote, and accordingly went to the polling-place accompanied by a friend.

In March 1890, Her Majesty the Queen expressed a wish to see Lady de Ros again, and so it was arranged for her to go to the Palace one morning. She was extremely pleased by the Queen's cordiality and kindness, and the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe wrote to Lord de Ros afterwards, "I must tell you how delighted the Queen was with your dear and wonderful mother's visit, and I wish

you could have heard all Her Majesty said."

Lady de Ros's account of the visit to her daughter is as follows :

3.30 P.M.—Well, the visit is over, and most satisfactory. Nothing could be kinder than H.M. was ; embraced me twice, and talked on many subjects. I was *tête-à-tête* with her for more than twenty minutes ; she asked about you, and talked of Dudley. She asked me a good deal about the Duke; and I told her about the *white cloak*,* which she said she felt sure he had never worn."

She also wrote to an old friend in Ireland :

March 19th, 1890.

"Your anemones are too beautiful and enliven my room, and I am most grateful for them, and still more so for your kind recollection of me. . . . Dudley took me last Thursday to visit the Queen, who had desired him to do so. I was with Her Majesty *tête-à-tête* for

* The white cloak exhibited at the Waterloo and Military Exhibitions by the present Duke of Wellington.

twenty minutes, and very gracious and amiable she was, talking upon all subjects. I was glad to have the opportunity of thanking her for her kindness to Dudley.

"I trust your son is recovering, and that his deafness has passed off. I can sympathise with him, for I am very deaf, and find it a great privation, and it is so tiresome for my friends."

She also wrote to her godson in the West Indies: "Just before the Queen left England, she sent to me to go to her. Nothing could be more kind and gracious than she was, and I was much surprised at her knowing so many details of our family. She kept me twenty minutes, and took leave of me most affectionately, hoping to see me again, and she was so nice about D. that I quite enjoyed my *tête-à-tête* with her."

The same year H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, honoured Lady de Ros by a visit, and Mrs. Moreton wrote the next day to

Lord de Ros : "The Duchess wishes me to tell you how completely and entirely she was fascinated by your mother. The Duchess is so glad to have had this opportunity of making Lady de Ros's acquaintance, and H.R.H. hopes to see her again very often, and to enjoy as pleasant a chat with her, as she had yesterday."

When the Duchess of Albany heard that Lady de Ros contemplated a visit to the Panorama of Waterloo, H.R.H. begged to be of the party, and afterwards had luncheon with Lady de Ros.

Besides going to the Waterloo Panorama, Lady de Ros paid a visit with her son to the Military Exhibition at Chelsea. They went by a private entrance, and were met by the veteran Sir Patrick Grant, who escorted her through the most interesting galleries, stopping to look at the portraits

of the many Peninsular and Waterloo heroes whom she had known so well in the early part of the century. In her diary she observes how much she enjoyed it.

The glorious 18th of June was always a *jour de fête* at 19 Eaton Place. The house was decorated with laurel; all Lady de Ros's mementos of her hero were arranged on the tables, and from an early hour there poured in beautiful bouquets, and baskets of flowers and fruit, also telegrams and letters from friends in all parts of the world, including the Viceroys of India and Canada. In the course of the day a succession of Field-Marshals, Generals, and many other visitors paid their respects, some of whom were on their way to the venerable Lord Albemarle's Waterloo reception. On one occasion Sir H. Ponsonby brought a bouquet from Her Majesty. If the weather allowed of Lady de Ros being

able to drive, she used to call upon Lord Albemarle, taking him a sprig of laurel. And on two occasions she also laid a similar tribute at the foot of the Duke of Wellington's statue.

The following letters show how she valued all the attentions she received, not on her own account, but as marks of respect to the memory of the Great Duke.

Lady de Ros to the Hon. Mrs. Ward.

June 21st, 1886.

"I had an ovation on Waterloo Day—flowers from many friends, and visits from two field-marshals and four generals! It pleased me that the day should be remembered in these radical times. I am pretty well, only a few small infirmities, but thankful to be as well, as I am bordering on ninety-one!"

Lady de Ros to the Hon. Mrs. Ward.

June 20th, 1889.

"On Waterloo Day I was loaded with attentions. Telegrams, letters, and such a profusion

of flowers, and I had thirty visitors! among them there were five Wellesleys. I was much pleased at Lord Arthur coming up to London for the day, on purpose to call here. Altogether, I was much gratified at the tribute to my dear old Duke's memory. Would that we had any patriots like him now!"

A letter from Lord Stradbroke witnesses to a friendship with dates from the stirring days of 1815.

From the Earl of Stradbroke to Lady de Ros.

June 21st, 1882.

"I was sorry to miss seeing you last Sunday, the anniversary of Waterloo. I intended to have called to-day, the anniversary of the battle of Vittoria, really a more brilliant victory than the Waterloo affair; we took 198 guns, and destroyed the French army. The Duke told me that if he had commanded the Peninsular army at Waterloo, it would have been settled in four hours. The charm of Waterloo was conquering Buonaparte, and having thirty-five years of peace in consequence."

Lady de Ros had no early acquaintance

with Lord Albemarle, with whom at the end of the century she shared the ovations of Waterloo Day.

From the Earl of Albemarle to Lady de Ros.

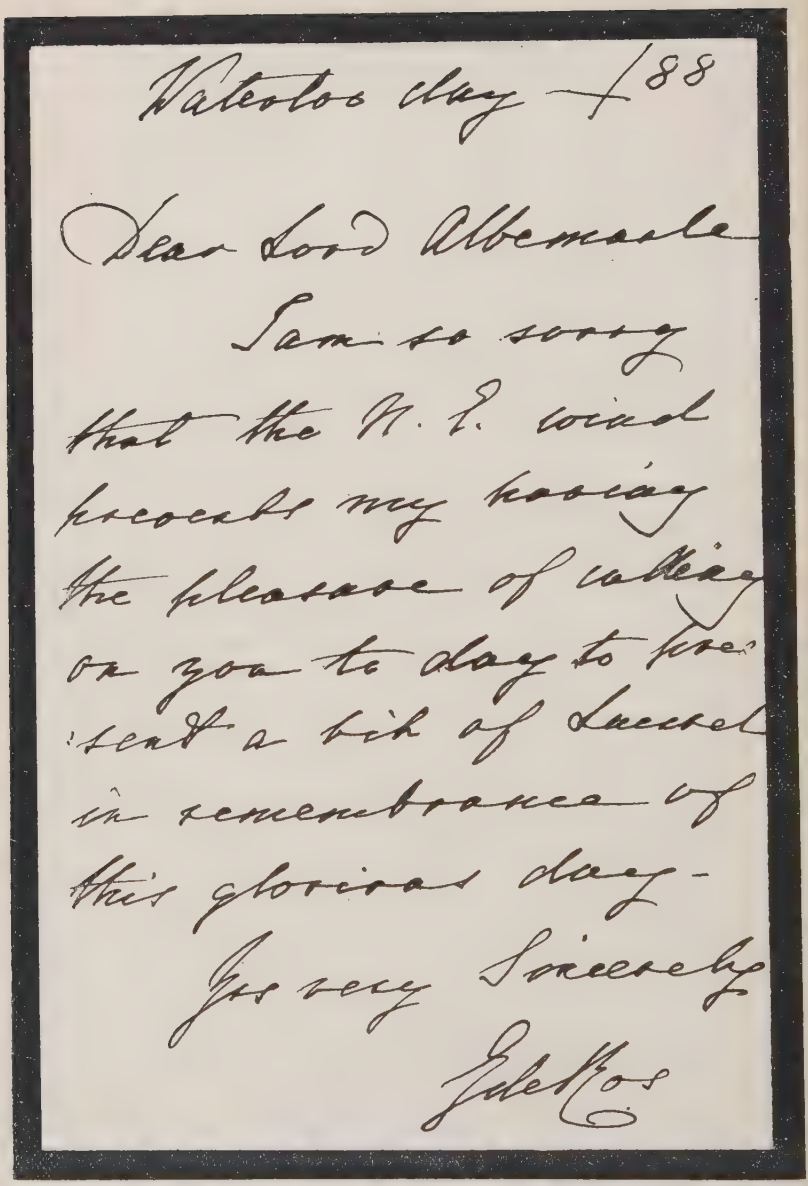
June 14th, 1887.

"DEAR LADY DE ROS,

"I enclose a formal invitation to my Saturday five o'clock tea. Proud as I should feel to receive you under my roof, I fear you would find my rooms too crowded, for although I am expecting 'troops of friends,' which the Poet says should accompany 'old age,' they will not be so commodiously housed as I could wish. Still I confess, if you should happen to be passing this door on the 18th of June, I should feel greatly honoured by a call; for to my mind, the lady whom the Prince of Waterloo handed in to supper on the night of the ever-memorable Brussels ball, ought to be at least an equal object of interest as the junior ensign of his army. May I be allowed to sign myself

"Your affectionate kinsman,

"ALBEMARLE."


Waterloo day — 188

Dear Lord Abemarle

I am so sorry
that the N. E. wind
forcasts my having
the pleasure of calling
on you to day to pre-
sent a bit of Laurel
in remembrance of
this glorious day -

Yrs very Sincerely

Jdel Ros

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AUTOGRAPH NOTE OF LADY DE ROS.

Lady de Ros to the Earl of Albemarle.

Waterloo Day, 1888.

"DEAR LORD ALBEMARLE,

"I am so sorry that the N.E. wind prevents my having the pleasure of calling on you to-day to present a bit of laurel in remembrance of this glorious day.

"Yours very sincerely,

"G. DE ROS."

From Lady Augusta Noel (daughter of the Earl of Albemarle) to Lady de Ros.

July 5th. [No year.]

"My father is quite delighted with his Waterloo screen, and as proud of it as he can possibly be. It is to be kept among his choice treasures, with your card and its kind words fastened on to it. I assure you, you could not have given him a greater pleasure, especially by adding the little illumination at the top of the word 'Waterloo.' I am guided by the ticket on *my* screen as to the price, but the one made for my father, specially, is to him 'beyond price.'"

In reference to the laurel leaf Lady Augusta Noel wrote to Mrs. Swinton after Lady de Ros's death :

1892.

"Lady de Ros's visits to my father and remembrance of him on the 18th June were, each year, one of his greatest pleasures, and he used to treasure the laurel leaf she almost always sent to him. We have a photograph of him with Lady de Ros's laurel taken on the last Waterloo Day of his life. He took it with him to the Military Tournament that afternoon, and, I remember, gave it as a souvenir of the anniversary to the little Duke of Albany, who came to see him in his box.

"It must have been, I think, in 1889 that Lady de Ros sent the screens to my father. She was making (and selling) them for the Distressed Irish Ladies, one day when I went to see her, and she kindly let me order a pair for my father. The screen that was to be for him she covered with cannons and military emblems, and pasted a soldier of the 14th* on it, and also 'Waterloo,' illuminated by herself, at the top. He was quite delighted with it, and I

* Lord Albemarle's old regiment.

keep it with great care as a recollection of the 'Waterloo lady's' kindness to 'the last Waterloo man'! I shall never forget his deep interest in his visit to her, when she showed him the plan of the ball-room, and the list of the guests, and the Duke of Wellington's Prayer-book."

Lord de Ros says in reference to Lady Augusta Noel's letter, that "I was in the Royal box with the Duchess of Albany, and pointed out Lord Albemarle to H.R.H., upon which she expressed a wish to speak to him and to present the little Duke to him on such a memorable day; so I went down to where he was, and told him of H.R.H.'s wish. He then showed me the laurel leaf, and said he prized it more than any of the presents he had received on that day. The Duchess then came down to the box where Lord Albemarle was, to greet him and introduce her son to him, upon which he

presented the young Duke with the laurel leaf."

During Lady de Ros's residence at Englefield Green she greatly enjoyed the beautiful drives in Windsor Park, and received many kind attentions from her Royal neighbours, Prince and Princess Christian, including the valuable present of a pair of piebald horses. After she had completed her ninetieth year, she was still able to enjoy watching the cricket matches at Cumberland Lodge.

Her love of children was a very great feature of her character, and she was found playing at bo-peep in the garden at Englefield Green, with her youngest great-grandchild, when their respective ages were four and ninety-four! On Drawing-room days some of her numerous nieces and great-nieces usually appeared in Eaton Place, to show themselves to

"Aunt Georgie;" and the many little tokens which she received from them on her birthdays and at Christmas, proved how much they valued her never-failing sympathy with all their joys and sorrows.

A birthday congratulation from a great-niece.

1889.

"It is impossible to realise that you are 94; we all feel you as young as ourselves, and more full of life and energy than many of us."

To Lord G. FitzGerald.

Nov. 10th, 1890.

"I send you a very small souvenir, hoping it may remind you occasionally of one who takes great interest in you. I am glad to think of the pleasures you will have in your sister's visit. I trust you had a pleasant autumn. We enjoyed the lovely drives in Windsor Park. I must tell you of a pretty attention I had on my birthday from some Americans who were living near us. They sent me a beautiful basket, decorated with

blue ribbon, containing twenty rosebuds, and seventy-five full-blown roses, to commemorate my 95th birthday, with such a pretty note. What an interesting article Sir H. B. wrote in the *Nineteenth Century*.

"Ever my dear G.,

"Your very affectionate

"GODMOTHER."

In 1890 there appeared a volume containing "Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J., 1834-51," which aroused some curiosity as to the identity of "Miss J." On this subject Lady de Ros wrote as follows :—

Lady de Ros to Mrs. B.

August 6th, 1890.

"In reply to your questions about Miss J., I can only say that I never heard of her until the publication appeared. I think it possible that the first few notes are authentic, as the Duke was very particular in answering letters, but I cannot believe more than that. The present Duke has not found any trace of correspondence

with Miss J. My opinion is that she wrote the letters herself."

At the close of the year 1890, Lady de Ros was attacked with severe illness, and the *Times* newspaper of December 31st contained the false report of her death, which occasioned a perfect storm of telegrams and enquiries all day at the door of 19 Eaton Place. As she was still very ill, it was thought best not to tell her of this report, but she became aware of it in the manner she herself narrates.

Lady de Ros to F.M. Sir Patrick Grant after her severe illness of Dec. 1890.

Jan. 8th, 1891.

"One of my first letters must be to you, to thank you for your constant enquiries. I am very thankful to say that I am getting on very well, and am only confined to my rooms upstairs by the severe weather. . . . I trust ere

long I may have the pleasure of seeing you all again. I think you will be as much amazed as I was at hearing that I received a printed paper from the Newspaper Agency, saying, 'We have the pleasure! of sending you the enclosed notice, and shall be obliged by your subscribing to our paper.' The notice was the announcement of my death!! the first I had heard of it. The editor must be an Irishman!"

Lady de Ros to Lord G. FitzGerald.

Feb. 25th, 1891.

"How very kind of you, my dear George, to have written me such a nice letter, and to have sent me the Jamaica papers, which interested me much, and I am so glad the exhibition was so successful after all the trouble Sir H. and Lady B. have taken. I have been trying to write to you for some time, but was not up to it, for although I am much better now, I am still an invalid. I was confined to my room seven weeks, so I am thankful to be as well as I am. During my illness I received a printed letter from the 'Special Information Agency,' beginning with 'We have the pleasure of sending you the enclosed notices, and beg for a sub-

scription, &c. &c. The notices were the account of my death!!! The writer must be a countryman of yours! They had not told me of the report, so this announcement amused me much."

After this she recovered enough to be again in her drawing-room, but she did not go out; and about Easter her sight became so much impaired that she was debarred from her favourite occupations of reading and writing. She felt the privation acutely, but submitted to it most patiently, and after a little she resumed her knitting, and set herself to work to learn writing with a frame.

Up to 1891 she had been always occupied with her fingers in some way; but during the last months of her life she was only able to do a little knitting.

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava to Lady de Ros.

British Embassy, Rome,

Jan. 8th.

"My dear Lady de Ros,

"I am so delighted at receiving a letter from you, and I think I shall frame and glaze it, as I certainly never before got one under such extraordinary circumstances, or from such a charming, cheery, and courageous convalescent! You and Lord Brougham are the only two persons who have gone through such an experience, and *he*, I believe, arranged it for himself. . . . It was very funny that you should have heard of it through the Press Agency, a most original idea of theirs to send it to *you*. Well, *I am* glad to think that we may hope to see you again in your corner in Eaton Place, full of friendly interest and sympathy as heretofore."

It was evident in the autumn of 1891 that she was failing fast. She did not leave London, and on December 8th was attacked with congestion of the lungs; and

she passed away peacefully and quietly on December 15th.

The following notice appeared in the Parish Magazine of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, the Church which Lady de Ros constantly attended for twenty-five years.

"One of our oldest, if not actually our oldest, parishioners has just passed to her rest, the Dowager Lady de Ros, in the ninety-sixth year of her age. She was the third daughter of Charles, 4th Duke of Richmond, and married the Hon. William F. de Ros, afterwards Lord de Ros, in 1824.

"Lady de Ros was present at George III.'s Jubilee in 1809. She also witnessed the procession to the abbey on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee in 1887. She retained her faculties, both physical and mental, in extraordinary perfection; and in the Jubilee year she presented the

Queen with one of her illuminations, which in its delicacy of finish would have taxed the youngest eyes.

"To the last week of her life she was busy knitting caps to be sold for the Distressed Irish Ladies' Fund. Up to last winter she attended the 11 o'clock Wednesday Celebration at St. Peter's, whenever she was able. Her illness was of short duration, there was no specific disease, but she was simply worn out, and fell asleep on the 15th December, 1891."

She was laid to rest by the side of her husband at Old Court Chapel, and a Memorial Service was held at the same hour on the 21st December at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, conducted by the Rev. Brook Deedes and the Rev. C. S. Miller, which was largely attended by many true mourners of all ranks.

Among the many wreaths which were sent, was one from the Queen, as "a mark of respect and regard."

A very true picture of her character has been drawn by her valued friend, Bishop Wilkinson.

Bishop Wilkinson to the Hon. Mrs. Swinton.*

34, CADOGAN GARDENS, S.W.
Christmas, 1892.

"MY DEAR MRS. SWINTON,

"I am glad that you are preparing a memoir of Lady de Ros. Many, besides myself, will value it. It was a great privilege, from time to time, to visit her during those later years of her life.

"I was specially struck with three things :—

(1) "Her thankfulness to God and man. However weak or lonely she might seem to others, she was never tired of referring to the goodness of her Heavenly Father, the results of the Saviour's

* Now Bishop of St. Andrew's.

Atonement, the unvarying kindness which she received from her many relations and friends.

(2) "Her activity :—

"To the last she worked for others—for friends—for comparative strangers—for the distressed Irish ladies. Her mind and hands were never idle. As I write, I have before me a beautiful ivory marker, with the most delicate illuminations, made only a few years before her death. Whenever I visited her, she was, with hardly, I think, an exception, doing something which would give pleasure to others.

(3) "As the result of this thankful spirit and active effort she was, so far as I saw, always bright and cheerful. Even in a time of great trial and anxiety, there seemed to be hidden deep down in her heart a well of happiness springing up into everlasting life. It was, I repeat, a privilege to know her, and it is a real pleasure to recall our many happy hours together.

"Believe me, my dear Mrs. Swinton,

"Yours very sincerely,

"GEORGE H. WILKINSON,

"Bishop."

The following was written by one whom she knew from his boyhood, and whose distinguished career she had always followed with the keenest interest. How he reciprocated her feeling, is shown by his eloquent words.

From the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava to the Hon. Mrs. Swinton.

BRITISH EMBASSY, PARIS,

Nov. 7th, 1892.

"H. has handed me your letter, and you know there is nothing I would not do either in this direction, or in any other, for you, but the very innocence, purity, of your mother's duty-loving life renders the task of describing her character very difficult. My recollection of her dates, of course, from very early days, and as a boy I remember her as the kindest and most indulgent of friends. It was always a delight to me to be allowed to pay a visit to your parents, for never do I remember a brighter home, or one in which a husband and wife contributed in such equal shares to distribute around them the gaiety and cheerfulness which turned their cottage on the

Thames, as well as their ancient dwelling-place at Strangford, into a very paradise of joy and animation. I never knew two married people who seemed to suit each other so entirely as your father and mother. Your father's loveable qualities, his charming courtesy, his high animal spirits, his simple tastes, his delightful fund of anecdote, were all supplemented and enhanced by the high-bred and refined manners and bearing of your mother. Her quiet appreciation of everything that passed around her, her shrewd insight into character, set off as it was by her quick wit, and her keen sense of the ridiculous, made her, when I became old enough to enter their domestic circle upon equal terms, one of the most delightful companions I have ever known. The constant affection which she showed both to me and to my mother, attached me to her by the strongest ties of gratitude, while my affection for your brother,* who was my school-fellow, for your sister, who was more of my own age, as well as the life-long friendship which has bound you and me together, drew

* Of Lady de Ros's three children two survived her. Dudley Charles, the present Lord de Ros, and Blanche Arthur Georgina (the Duke of Wellington's god-daughter), who married in 1865 the late J. R. Swinton, Esq. Frances Charlotte, the eldest of the family, who was born in the Royal Barracks, Dublin, died in London in 1851 at the early age of 25.

more closely year by year the ties which united us. After a time my public duties, which kept me so much abroad, unfortunately diminished my opportunities of seeing your mother, but if anything they rather increased the devotion I felt for her, and this latter feeling became eventually combined, as time rolled on, with a feeling of reverence, as I returned at intervals to find her softened, ennobled, and dignified by the tender touch of time, and the passage—I will not say the burden—of the accumulating years, which seemed to invest her with fresh beauty, and a still more tender claim to the love and homage of all who knew her. Although at each successive return to England, after a certain number of years' absence, I observed a change, there was not, until my last visit to her, when her sight began to fail, the slightest symptom of decay, either in her intelligence, or in her appearance. She retained to the last the old bright look in her eyes, and the same keen interest in public events, in persons, and in everything that was going on around her. Extreme old age seemed rather to invest her with a new kind of grace and beauty, than to destroy the beauty and grace with which she had been endowed in her youth. Her feelings, her affections, every quality and characteristic which

constitutes the delight and nobleness of life, appeared as active and warm within her heart and mind as ever, while her whole being seemed penetrated by an atmosphere of softness, sympathy, and indulgence, which rendered her more lovable than ever. Her memory retained its power to the last, and as it ranged over the doings of three generations, her reminiscences were full of the greatest interest, especially when she talked of the Duke of Wellington, with whom she had been so great a favourite in her youthful days. The personal interest which she continued to take in my own fortunes, no matter where I was, constantly filled me with the deepest gratitude, and always after Russia, Constantinople, India, and Rome, I felt that my first duty was a pilgrimage to her door, a pilgrimage from which I never returned without increased admiration for her saint-like patience her unselfish care for others, and the majesty of her humble resignation to the will of God.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"DUFFERIN AND AVA."

MONT ST. MARTIN.
(From a sketch by Lady de Ros.)

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

By Georgiana, Lady de Ros.

It has been thought that the personal recollections of one whose memory extends to the beginning of this century, may be interesting, especially as it was my privilege to enjoy for a space of forty-six years the friendship of the great Duke of Wellington, and to be constantly in his society at the memorable period of Water

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NOTTINGHAM.

loo. I had written down at the time many anecdotes of the Duke and many notes of conversations with him, which are now published at the request of many friends.

My earliest recollection of Sir Arthur Wellesley was when he returned from India and had the command of a brigade in the Sussex district in 1806. In the following year my father, the Duke of Richmond, was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Sir Arthur being Chief Secretary, we saw a great deal of him.

My sisters and I used to ride with "great Sir Arthur," as we called him, every day from the Vice-Regal Lodge in the Phœnix Park to the Dublin Gate, when he was going to his office. At that time he gave a watch to one of my sisters, which has lately been erroneously stated to have been his own watch, and to have

been given to her on the eve of Waterloo. It is still in her possession.

In 1814 we went to live at Brussels, in a house in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, with a large garden extending to the ramparts. The Duke of Wellington always called it "the Wash-house." It has been pulled down, and when I visited Brussels in 1868 I could find no vestige of it. The Prince of Orange was in command of a small force there, and my brother, Lord March, was his A.D.C. There were constant reviews and many balls at the various Belgian and English houses, for there were many English families living there. During the Duke's absence at the Congress of Vienna, the rumour arrived of Napoleon's intended invasion of Belgium, and there was great anxiety among the English officers for the Duke's arrival, as the Prince of

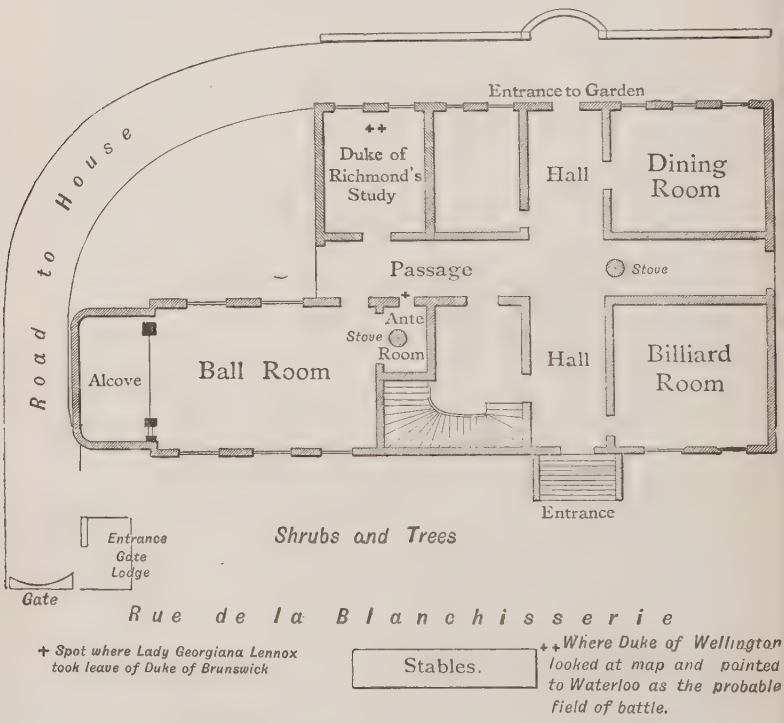
Orange would otherwise have been in command. The Prince himself was quite angry with me for sharing this feeling, exclaiming, "Why have you no confidence in me?" to which I replied, "Well, sir, *you* have not been tried and the Duke *has*." It is impossible to describe the general relief it was when the Duke returned from Vienna; for the Prince of Orange, although personally much liked, was inexperienced and rash. I have now in my possession a fan made of amber, which H.R.H. gave me at that time. It is a curious example of the way in which fashions change, for its dimensions are only six inches by thirteen!

I often rode with the Duke to the reviews. On May 22nd I accompanied him to one at Vilvorde, of the Brunswick troops; as it rained, I rode home wrapped in a soldier's greatcoat, which Lord Ux-

bridge got for me, escorted by General Alava.

Early in June 1815 some of the officers were anxious to organise a party of pleasure in the neighbourhood, either to Tournay or Lille, and begged me to ask the Duke's leave; but when I mentioned the idea he at once said, "No; better let that drop;" for he knew we should all have been probably taken prisoners by the French. There were such constant rumours of the troops moving for two months before Waterloo, that when they were renewed some days before the 15th we did not attach much importance to them; and on the afternoon of the 15th Lord Hill called upon us, when we were all sitting in the garden, and disclaimed any knowledge of a move.

Plan of the House in which the Duchess of Richmond's Waterloo Ball took place.



My mother's now famous ball took place in a large room on the ground-floor, on the left of the entrance, connected with the rest of the house by an ante-room.

It had been used by the coach-builder, from whom the house was hired, to put carriages in, but it was papered before we came there; and I recollect the paper—a trellis pattern with roses. My sisters used the room as a schoolroom, and we used to play battledore and shuttlecock there on a wet day. The accompanying plan of the ground floor of our house was given me by my brother William, and corresponds exactly with my recollections, and those of my sister, Lady Louisa Tighe. When the Duke arrived, rather late, at the ball, I was dancing, but at once went up to him to ask about the rumours. He said very gravely, "Yes, they are true; we are off to morrow." This terrible news was circulated directly, and while some of the officers hurried away, others remained at the ball, and actually had not time to change their clothes, but fought in evening

costume. I went with my eldest brother (A.D.C. to the Prince of Orange) to his house, which stood in our garden, to help him to pack up, after which we returned to the ball-room, where we found some energetic and heartless young ladies still dancing. I heard afterwards that it had been said that "the Ladies Lennox were *fine*, and did not do the honours of the ball well." The following list of the invited guests was given by my mother to Lord Verulam, who sent me a copy of it. Several of the officers were not present, being on duty.

LIST OF INVITATIONS TO THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND'S BALL AT BRUSSELS, JUNE 15, 1815.

H.R.H. the Prince of Orange.
H.R.H. Prince Frederic of Orange.
H.R.H. the Duke of Brunswick.
Prince of Nassau.
Duc d'Arenberg.

Prince Auguste d'Arenberg.
Prince Pierre d'Arenberg.
Le Maire de Bruxelles.
Duc et Duchesse de Beaufort et Mademoiselle.
Duc et Duchesse d'Ursel.
Marquis et Marquise d'Asche [from their house we saw the wounded brought in: Lord Uxbridge, Lord F. Somerset, &c.].
Comte et Comtesse d'Oultremont.
Comtesse Douairière d'Oultremont et les Mesdemoiselles.
Comte et Comtesse Liedekerke Beaufort.
Comte et Comtesse Auguste Liedekerke et Mademoiselle.
Comte et Comtesse Latour Lupin.
Comte et Comtesse Mercy d'Argenteau.
Comte et Comtesse de Grasiac.
Comtesse de Luiny.
Comtesse de Ruilly.
Baron et Baronne d'Hooghvoorst.
Mademoiselle d'Hooghvoorst et Monsieur C. d'Hooghvoorst.
Madame Constant D'Hooghvoorst.
Monsieur et Madame Vander Capellan.
Baron de Herelt.
Baron de Tuybe.
Baron Brockhausen.
General Baron Vincent, wounded at Waterloo.
General Pozzo de Borgo.
General Alava.

Comte de Belgade.
Comte de la Rochefoucauld.
Gen. D'Oudenarde.
Col. Knife, (?) A.D.C.
Col. Ducayler.
Major Ronnchenberg, A.D.C.
Col. Tripp, A.D.C.
Capt. de Lubeck, A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Brunswick.
Earl and Countess of Conyngham and Lady Elizabeth Conyngham.
Viscount Mount-Charles and Hon. Mr. Conyngham. (Afterwards 2nd Marquess Conyngham.)
Countess Mount-Norris and Lady Juliana Annesley.
Countess Dowager of Waldegrave.
Duke of Wellington.
Lord and Lady Fitzroy Somerset. (Neither were present; Lord Fitzroy lost his arm at Waterloo.)
Lord and Lady John Somerset.
Mr. and Lady Frances Webster.
Mr. and Lady Caroline Capel and Miss Capel.
Lord and Lady George Seymour and Miss Seymour.
Mr. and Lady Charlotte Greville.
Viscountess Hawarden.
Sir Henry and Lady Susan Clinton. (He was Lt.-Gen. and G.C.B., and commanded a division.)
Lady Alvanley and the Miss Ardens.
Sir James, Lady, and Miss Craufurd.
Sir George Berkeley, K.C.B., and Lady Berkeley.
Lady and Miss Sutton.

Sir Sidney and Lady Smith, and Miss Rumbolds.
Sir William and Lady Johnstone.
Sir Hew and Lady Dalrymple.
Sir William and Lady Delancey.
Hon. Mrs. Pole. (Afterwards Lady Maryborough.)
Mr., Mrs., and Miss Lance, and Mr. Lance, jun.
Mr. and the Miss Ords.
Mr. and Mrs. Greathed.
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd.
Hon. Sir Charles Stuart, G.C.B. (Minister at Bruxelles), and Mr. Stuart.
Earl of Uxbridge. (Commanded the Cavalry ; lost his leg at Waterloo.)
Earl of Portarlington.
Earl of March, A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Prince of Orange.
Gen. Lord Edward Somerset. (Commanded a brigade of cavalry ; wounded at Waterloo.)
Lord Charles FitzRoy.
Lord Robert Manners.
Lt.-Gen. Lord Hill. (Commanding the 2nd Corps.)
Lord Rendlesham.
Lord Hay, A.D.C. (Killed at Quatre Bras.)
Lord Saltoun.
Lord Apsley. (Afterwards Earl Bathurst.)
Hon. Col. Stanhope (Guards).
Hon. Col. Abercromby (Guards ; wounded).
Hon. Col. Ponsonby. (Afterwards Sir Frederick Ponsonby, K.C.B. ; severely wounded.)
Hon. Col. Acheson (Guards).

Hon. Col. Stewart.
Hon. Mr. O. Bridgeman, A.D.C. to Lord Hill.
Hon. Mr. Percival.
Hon. Mr. Stopford.
Hon. Mr. John Gordon.
Hon. Mr. Edgecombe.
Hon. Mr. Seymour Bathurst, A.D.C. to Gen. Maitland.
Hon. Mr. Forbes.
Hon. Mr. Hastings Forbes.
Hon. Major Dawson.
Hon. Mr. Dawson, 18th Lt. Dr.
Maj.-Gen. Sir Hussey Vivian. (Commanded a brigade of Cavalry.)
Mr. Horace Seymour, A.D.C. (Afterwards Sir Horace Seymour, K.C.B.)
Col. Hervey, A.D.C. (Afterwards Sir Felton Hervey, Bart.).
Col. Fremantle, A.D.C.
Lord George Lennox, A.D.C.
Lord Arthur Hill, A.D.C. (Afterwards Gen. Lord Sandys.)
Hon. Major Percy, A.D.C. (Son of 1st Earl of Beverley. He brought home three Eagles and despatches.)
Hon. Mr. Cathcart, A.D.C. (Afterwards Sir George Cathcart; killed at Inkermann, 1854.)
Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, A.D.C. (Died of his wounds at Waterloo.)
Sir Colin Campbell, K.C.B., A.D.C.

Sir John Byng, G.C.B. (Created Earl of Strafford; Commanded 2nd brigade of Guards.)

Lt.-Gen. Sir John Elley, K.C.B.

Sir George Scovell, K.C.B. (Major commanding Staff Corps of Cavalry.)

Sir George Wood, Col. R.A.

Sir Henry Bradford.

Sir Robert Hill, Kt.
Sir Noel Hill, K.C.B. } (Brothers of Lord Hill.)

Sir William Ponsonby, K.C.B. (brother of Lord Ponsonby; commanded a brigade of cavalry; killed at Waterloo).

Sir Andrew Barnard. (Afterwards Governor of Chelsea Hospital.)

Sir Denis Pack, Maj.-Gen., G.C.B. (Commanded a brigade.)

Sir James Kemp, Maj.-Gen., G.C.B. (Commanded a brigade.)

Sir Pulteney Malcolm.

Sir Thomas Picton, Lt.-Gen. (Commanded 5th Division; killed at Waterloo.)

Maj.-Gen. Sir Edward Barnes, Adjt.-Gen. (Wounded at Waterloo.)

Sir James Gambier.

Hon. General Dundas.

Lt.-Gen. Cooke. (Commanded 1st Division.)

Maj.-Gen. Maitland. (Afterwards Sir Peregrine, G.C.B.; commanded 1st brigade of Guards.)

Maj.-Gen. Adam. (Not present; commanded a brigade. Afterwards Sir Frederick Adam, K.C.B.)

Col. Washington.

Col. Woodford. (Afterwards F.M. Sir Alexander Woodford, G.C.B., Governor of Chelsea.)

Col. Rowan, 52nd. (Afterwards Sir Charles Rowan, Chief Commissioner of Police.)

Col. Wyndham. (Afterwards Gen. Sir Henry Wyndham.)

Col. Cumming, 18th Light Dragoons.

Col. Bowater. (Afterwards Gen. Sir Edward Bowater.)

Col. Torrens. (Afterwards Adjt.-Gen. in India.)

Col. Fuller.

Col. Dick, 42nd. (Killed at Sobraon, 1846.)

Col. Cameron, 92nd. (Killed at Quatre Bras.)

Col. Barclay, A.D.C. to the Duke of York.

Col. Hill. (?) (Col. Clement Hill, brother to Lord Hill.)

Major Gunthorpe, A.D.C. to Gen. Maitland.

Major Churchill, A.D.C. to Lord Hill and Q.M.G. (Killed in India.)

Major Hamilton, A.D.C. to Gen. Sir E. Barnes.

Major Harris, Brigade Major to Sir Hussey Vivian. (Lost an arm.)

Major Hunter Blair. (Wounded.)

Capt. Mackworth, A.D.C. to Lord Hill.

Capt. Keane, A.D.C. to Sir Hussey Vivian.

Capt. Fitzroy.

Capt. Wildman, 7th Hussars, A.D.C. to Lord Uxbridge.

Capt. Fraser, 7th Hussars. (Afterwards Sir James Fraser, Bt.)

Capt. Verner, 7th Hussars.

Capt. Elphinstone, 7th Hussars. (Taken prisoner, June 17.)

Capt. Webster.

Capt. Somerset, A.D.C. to Gen. Lord Edward Somerset.

Capt. Yorke, A.D.C. to Gen. Adam. (Afterwards Sir Charles Yorke; not present.)

Capt. Gore, A.D.C. to Sir James Kempt.

Capt. Pakenham, R.A.

Capt. Dumaresq, A.D.C. to Gen. Sir John Byng. (Died of wounds.)

Capt. Dawkins, A.D.C.

Capt. Disbrowe, A.D.C. to Gen. Sir G. Cook.

Capt. Bowles, Coldstream Guards. (Afterwards Gen. Sir George Bowles, Lieutenant of the Tower.)

Capt. Hesketh, Grenadier Guards.

Capt. Gurwood. (Afterwards Col. Gurwood.)

Capt. Allix, Grenadier Guards.

Mr. Russell, A.D.C.

Mr. Brooke, 12th Dragoon Guards.

Mr. Huntley, 12th Dragoon Guards.

Mr. Lionel Hervey. (In Diplomacy.)

Mr. Leigh.

Mr. Shakespear, 18th.

Mr. O'Grady, 7th Hussars. (Afterwards Lord Guillamore.)

Mr. Smith, 95th, Brigadier-Major to Sir Denis Packe. (Killed at Waterloo.)

Mr. Fludyer, Scots Fusilier Guards.

2 Mr. Montagus (John, and Henry, late Lord Rokeby, G.C.B.).
Mr. A. Greville.
Mr. Baird.
Mr. Robinson, 32nd.
Mr. James.
Mr. Chad.
Mr. Dawkins.
Dr. Hyde.
Mr. Hume.
Rev. Mr. Brixall.

It was a dreadful evening, taking leave of friends and acquaintances, many never to be seen again. The Duke of Brunswick, as he took leave of me in the ante-room adjoining the ball-room, made me a civil speech as to the Brunswickers being sure to distinguish themselves after "the honour" done them by my having accompanied the Duke of Wellington to their Review! I remember being quite provoked with poor Lord Hay, a dashing, merry youth, full of military ardour, whom

I knew very well, for his delight at the idea of going into action, and of all the honours he was to gain; and the first news we had on the 16th was that he and the Duke of Brunswick were killed. At the ball supper I sat next to the Duke of Wellington, when he gave me an original miniature of himself, painted by a Belgian artist. There is no truth whatever in a ridiculous story lately published about my sister, Lady Louisa Tighe, having buckled on the Duke's sword on the evening of the 15th. In the course of the evening the Duke asked my father for a map of the country, and went into his study, which was on the same floor as the ball-room, to look at it. He put his finger on Waterloo, saying the battle would be fought there. My father marked the spot with his pencil, but alas! that map was lost or stolen, for it never returned

from Canada with his other possessions. Many people left Brussels at once, and we had post-horses in the stables, but the Duke had promised to send us word if we were to leave. There was a great supper prepared at Brussels on the 18th for Napoleon, by some strong Bonapartists of the name of Tresigny. On the 16th came the dispiriting news of Quatre Bras and the death of many friends.

The next day my brother George, who was one of the Duke's A.D.C.s appeared on his way with orders from the Duke, and he was full of excitement, saying bullets had been flying about him all the morning!

On the 18th we walked about nearly all the morning, being unable to sit quiet, hearing the firing and not knowing what was happening. The wounded officers who were brought into Brussels kindly

sent us messages about my brothers being safe. The first sight of the poor wounded was sickening, and each litter as it came into the town, filled us with intense anxiety to know whom it contained. We went to the Marquise D'Asche's house (at the corner of the Parc and the Rue de la Pépinière) from whence we saw Lord Uxbridge and Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the Prince of Orange, and others brought in. We afterwards heard that when the Prince of Orange was wounded, my brother March, who was his A.D.C., before going after some men to carry him off the field, tore out of his hat the Orange cockade, lest he should have been recognised, and the Prince always said this precaution had probably saved his life.

My father, with my brother William, who had been prevented from taking part in the action by an accident, rode to the

army, but the Duke of Wellington would not let them remain, and they returned about 6 P.M. with the good news that all was going on as well as possible.

We had had a fearful alarm during the day, as the Cumberland Hussars (a Hanoverian Regiment) came full gallop through Brussels, saying that the allied army was defeated and that the French were arriving in the town. But before long the truth was known, and not much credit was given to the story that these Hussars had been pursued; the facts being that, upon hearing the whistle of shots about their ears, they had wheeled round and trotted off from the field!

During the 16th, 17th, and for many succeeding days, we were all employed in scraping lint, and preparing cherry water for the wounded. In the evening of the 18th the brilliant victory was known in

Brussels, and most thankful we were that our immediate belongings had been mercifully protected, and that war was at an end, although the losses were fearfully great.

The next morning we heard that the Duke had arrived in Brussels, so I walked with my father at about 10 A.M. up to the Parc, his house being in the Rue de la Montagne du Parc, and my father went into the house to enquire for the Duke, who sent word he would join us in the Parc, which he accordingly did, and took a turn with us. He looked very sad, and when we shook hands and congratulated him, he said, "It is a dearly bought victory. We have lost so many fine fellows." My father asked him to dinner, but he refused. The reason of his coming early into Brussels was that he had given up his bed at Waterloo to poor Sir Alexander Gordon, who was dying of his

wounds. The Duke tried to sleep on the floor, in the next room, but after being called up to speak to Sir Alexander, he could not go to bed again, and began to write his despatch; however, Sir Alexander's groans were so distressing that he could not get on with it, and so he rode into Brussels, where he was busy with despatches all day, and left on the 20th. On the 28th he wrote me these few lines from Orvillé, about a proposal to have a copy made of the miniature he had given me.

ORVILLÉ, *June 28th*, 1815.

"DEAREST GEORGY,

"I am very much obliged to you for the embroidery.* If you give your picture, the painter will change it, therefore you should sit with it while he copies it. We are getting on delightfully. Your brothers quite well.

"Ever yours, most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

* This referred to a sash I had embroidered for him.

Soon after the battle, many ladies came out from England to nurse their wounded relations. I visited the field of Waterloo a few days after, when the dead had been buried, but the ground was strewed with relics of the battle: it was a most painful sight.

The Duke wrote to me on 13th July from Paris again on the subject of the miniature.

"I don't care how many copies the painter makes of the picture. As you liked it, however, I recommended it to you not to trust it in his hands.

"I do invite you to Paris.

"Your brothers are quite well. I saw William last night; such a buck, I should not have known him.

"Ever yours, most affectionately,

"W."

In the winter of 1815 we all went to Paris, when I had typhus fever, and the

Duke was most kind, sending me my dinner daily, and when I was convalescent, coming to see me and lending me one of his carriages to drive in.

He gave a ball at the Elysée Bourbon, and insisted on my coming to it, though I did not care about doing so, as I felt very weak. However, as he sent me a pretty shawl (which I have in my possession still) I felt bound to go in it, but did not much enjoy sitting in an armchair instead of dancing! Thirty-eight years later I was again in that ball-room, on the eve of Lord Raglan and the staff departing from Paris for the East in April 1854. Lord Raglan reminded me of our last meeting in that room. The coincidences were strange. For on the latter occasion Napoleon's nephew, the late Emperor, was our host, and we were staying at the British Embassy with the Duke's

nephew, and my brother-in-law, Lord Cowley! And among the guests was the late Duke of Wellington, and, strangest of all, the English and French troops were an allied army!

I went to England early in 1816, and had the following letter from the Duke—about my hair being cut off after the fever.

"I am delighted to find that you have performed your journey so well. You must take care of yourself, and keep yourself warm during the winter. I don't agree with your barber about your hair. All his frizzling will not preclude the necessity of your being shaved."

During the Army of Occupation.

I joined my parents at Cambrai for the years 1816 and 1817, and used to ride constantly with the Duke to the great reviews. I have an old MS. music-book, containing several marches composed at the time in honour of the Duke, of

Marshal Blucher, &c. We often stayed with the Duke at Abbaye, Mont St. Martin, near Cambrai, and one morning he announced that there was to be a sham fight, and that he had given orders to Sir G. Scovell that the ladies riding should be taken prisoners, so he recommended our keeping close to him. I had no difficulty in doing so, as I was riding Copenhagen,* and I found myself the only one with him in a square, where they were firing. To the Duke's great amusement we heard one of the soldiers saying to another, "Take care of that 'ere horse, he kicks out; we knew him well in Spain," pointing to Copenhagen! He was a most unpleasant horse to ride, but always snorted and neighed with pleasure at the sight of troops. I was jumping a ditch with him one day when the stirrup

* The Duke's Waterloo charger.

broke, and I fell off. In the evening the Duke had a dance, and said to me, "Here's the heroine of the day! got kicked off and didn't mind it!"

At that time General Alava told me that in Spain he always asked the Duke the same three questions, and got the same answers.

"When do we start?"

"Daybreak."

"What do we have for dinner?"

"Cold beef."

"Where do we sleep?"

"Don't know."

I used sometimes to ride to cover when there was a boar-hunt. On the 30th October, 1817, the Duke killed an enormous boar at Walancourt, of which feat he was prouder than of Waterloo! He was very anxious to show me the boar, and I was equally anxious *not* to see it,

and Sir George Murray helped me to avoid the unpleasant sight. The boar's bristles were given to me, and were mounted for me by Lord Arthur Hill, A.D.C. to the Duke, with an inscription. There were constant private theatricals and all kinds of gaiety going on at Mont St. Martin, as is shown by the playbills which I have still. Lord Arthur Hill (afterwards Lord Sandys), Honourable George Cathcart (afterwards Sir George Cathcart, who was killed at Inkerman), Sir Andrew Barnard and his nephew, Mr. afterwards Sir, Henry Barnard, who died as Commander-in-Chief in India, and others took part, Lord Arthur taking the ladies' parts.

A letter from the Duke to me at Brussels gives an account of some of their gay doings. There were long corridors at Mont St. Martin; along these they

1816 Lady Jersyne

THEATRE, MONT ST. MARTIN.

THIS EVENING WILL BE PERFORMED

The favorite Farce of

THE BEE HIVE.

Captain Merton, ...	Lord Arthur Hill,
Rattan, ...	Colonel Egerton,
Mingle, ...	Sir Andrew Barnard,
Joe, ...	Colonel Freemantle,
Emily, ...	Mr. Seymour Bathurst.
Cicely, ...	Mr. Cradock,
Mrs. Mingle, ...	Captain Stuart.

VIVANT REX ET REGINA.

To face page 144.

dragged ladies on rugs, the gentlemen being harnessed, and called it riding in the coach.

MONT ST. MARTIN,
December 19th, 1816.

"DEAREST GEORGY,

". . . . We are going on here as usual—'Riding in the coach,' dancing the Mazurka, &c., &c. The house is as full as it can hold. Yesterday was a very bad day, and I went to Cambray, and I understand that they hunted Lord C—— through all the corridors, even that in the roof. At night we had an improvement on the coach. Two goats were brought in and harnessed, but instead of being horses and assisting to draw, they chose to lie down and be drawn. The night before, the ladies drew me the *petty* tour,* and afterwards Lord Hill the *grand* tour, but the 'fat, fair and forty,' and M—— were so knocked up that some of us were obliged to go into the harness, although we had already run many stages.

"I can't go to Bruxelles on the 23rd, but I dare say others will. I never know anything

* Referring to longer or shorter routes through the corridors.

about my company, and cannot tell where they will go. God bless you, dearest Georgy.

"Ever yours, most affectionately,

"W."

Later Years.

After my marriage we were often the Duke's guests at Walmer Castle and at Strathfieldsaye, and we often dined at Apsley House, a party of six or eight; or went to the opera with him when he was in London. It was his custom always himself to show every guest to their room at Walmer and Strathfieldsaye. After breakfast he used often to sit on talking and telling us most interesting anecdotes. One day he came into the drawing-room at Walmer Castle from the ramparts, laughing and saying, "I've just been receiving a lecture from Croker on fortification!" Apropos to this, I also recollect meeting the Duke, Croker and Rogers at

a small dinner-party at the Arbuthnots; when the conversation turning on Waterloo, Mr. Croker entirely took the lead. Suddenly Rogers said in a loud voice, "Hush!" which startled us all, and there was a dead silence. In the evening I remarked upon this to Rogers, who replied, "I wanted to get a hearing for the Duke."

The Duke much appreciated "Pickwick" when it came out. I recollect his reading aloud to us the "Breach of Promise" trial with great delight.

He would tell a story against himself sometimes, and amused us all quite in his latter days by the account of various impostures that had been practised upon him; for years he had helped an imaginary officer's daughter, paid for music lessons for her, given her a piano, paid for her wedding trousseau, for her

child's funeral, &c., &c. At last it came out that *one man* was the author of these impostures, "and then," the Duke said, "an Officer from the Mendicity Society called on me and gave me such a scolding as I never had before in my life!"

History of the Spanish Prayer-book.

One day, when we were at Strathfieldsaye, the Duke of Wellington was alluding to having learnt Spanish from a Spanish translation of the English Prayer-book, which was given to him when he was going to take the command (in 1808–9) in Spain, by Lady Elinor Butler, the Duke, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, having visited her and Miss Ponsonby at their cottage at Llangollen, as he went through Wales from Ireland. On my asking him what had become of the Prayer-book, "Oh, it's somewhere in the library here," was the

answer. Whereupon I searched until I found it, with no name, or anything to tell its history. He was very much pleased to see it again, and said he would give it to me, as I had taken such pains to find it. I carried it off at once. Soon afterwards, the Duke wrote to ask for it, to show to Dr. Bliss, Registrar of the University of Oxford. I sent it, making a condition that before returning it to me, the Duke would write its history inside—which he did as follows :—

LONDON, *June* 1837.

"This book was given to Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, before he went to command the Armies in the Peninsula in 1808, by Lady Elinor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, better known as the Ladies of Llangollen.

"He had it in his possession and with him during the whole of the war; and learnt from the perusal thereof what he knows of the Spanish language.

"Lady Elinor Butler was a lineal descendant

from the Duke of Ormond, who had resided in Spain, and to whom probably the book had belonged. The Duke of Wellington gave it to Lady Georgiana de Ros."

Independently of its great historical interest, as having belonged to the Duke, the Prayer-book is a literary curiosity—there being no other copy of that Edition extant.

Dr. Bliss mentions in a letter to the Duke, in my possession, that there is record of a first edition of the Prayer-book, which is in Christ Church Library, and which appeared in 1707. "*Londres, Impresso por G. Bowyer a costa de Fran. Coggan en Inner Temple Lane*, 1707." From the fact that no bookseller's name is appended to the second edition, Dr. Bliss infers that it was not printed in England, but possibly for dispersion among the British merchants resident

in Spain. The translator Dr. Bliss avers to have been a native of Seville, but naturalised in England, and admitted into Holy Orders. The late Dean Stanley thought that the basis of the translation might have been made in the time of James I., for the courtship of Prince Charles; first because the titlepage mentions that it contains the alterations necessary to accommodate it to the reign of George I., and secondly because the Uniformity Act of 1662 is omitted; whereas that of 1558 is printed, as well as the Proclamation, never published in modern Prayer-books, of James I., but from page xxvii the Prayer-book is taken from that of 1662, with the alterations in the Fifth of November Service made in the reigns of William III. and Anne. It is an octavo, and has an engraving of George I. as frontispiece, and the date

is 1715. *Edicion Segunda, Corregida y Augmentada; Londres, Impresso por William Bowyer, Impressor de Libros.*

The Duke's kindness to children is well-known; when he invited his friends to visit him, their children were always included; and on one occasion, passing through the room where some of his juvenile guests were at tea (I rather think the present Premier was one!), he was very angry at finding they had no jam, and instantly gave orders it was never to be omitted! When my little girl of five years old—his god-daughter—worked him a pin-cushion, he apologised for his delay in writing to thank her! *

When we assembled for dinner, we usually found the Duke, who had dressed early, engaged in a regular game of romps with the children, who came down on

See p. 114, and Letter IV. p. 156.

purpose for what they called the Battle of Waterloo, which commenced by one of them throwing a cushion at the newspaper the Duke was reading. I close these recollections with a few extracts from his letters to me, and also notes of some of his conversations at Walmer and Strathfieldsaye, and anecdotes which were all written down at the time.

Extracts from Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Lady Georgiana F. de Ros.

I.

June 23rd, 1832.

"My dearest Georgy,

"I sincerely congratulate you. I am much flattered by your desire to call the young lady Arthur, and shall be delighted to be her godfather.

"Believe me, ever yours,

"Most affectionately,

"Wellington."

II.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, *Jan.* 19*th*, 1838.

"DEAREST GEORGY,

"I am astonished at the effect produced by Lord Oxmantown's and Lord Charleville's speeches upon Whigs as well as Tories. How could anybody expect any other result from the system which all know has been carried on in Ireland for many years?

"In other countries men in modern times may feel secure against the danger of assassination. Formerly assassins looked for their reward in Heaven. In these degenerate days they look for *pelf* from an employer. They must live to receive and enjoy it.

"I consider it absolutely impossible for a man to assassinate another who does not frequent in secret some place, on the access to which the assassin might conceal himself, prepared to commit the crime. A man can assassinate another anywhere—in the street, in the park, in the theatre—provided he will sacrifice his own life. But then he cannot receive and enjoy his *pelf*—he must be discovered, delivered up to justice, tried and executed.

"But this is not the case in Ireland. All mankind would favour the execution of the

design of the assassin, and his escape after it should be carried into execution. Then, if by accident he should be brought to justice, witnesses will not appear against him; if they do, they will not tell what they know; and if, notwithstanding all, the case can be made out, the jury will not convict. The reason is that all are engaged in a conspiracy against Protestant property and Government; and all classes of persons connected with and acting under the Government, and even the Government itself, are cognizant of and parties to this conspiracy so far at least as that they will not, dare not take effectual measures to put it down.

"Therefore it is that I say that an assassin is tolerably certain of escaping, receiving and enjoying his *pelf* in Ireland, which is not possible in other parts of the world."

III.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, *Feb. 11th*, 1838.

"I recollect that Blanch * has as much, if not more, reason to complain of my neglect than you have. I enclose a note for her.

"Believe me, ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

* See pp. 114, 152.

IV. (Enclosure)

STRATHFIELDSAYE, *Feb.* 11*th*, 1838.

"DEAREST BLANCH,

"I am very much obliged for your beautiful present. I shall now be able to keep my pins, which your mamma will tell you were heretofore stolen!

"But I admire your writing still more than your work.

"Believe me, ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

V.

March 25*th*, 1838.

"DEAREST GEORGY,

"I am sorry that the Queen did not come to my review on Wednesday. I took the battalion in hand myself, and knocked them about the Park, as I should have twenty-five years ago with an enemy in front, to their infinite amazement. I made them march in line, which they did beautifully, from Tyburn Gate to the statue of Achilles.

"Ever yours, most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

VI.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, *Nov.* 28*th*, 1838.

"DEAREST GEORGY,

"I have been here about a week since my return from Kent, and I think that I continue to improve, but I am not yet quite comfortable on a horse's back. They advise me not to go to Bath for eight or ten days longer, that is till the weather will be more settled. The house is finished and beautiful; I am myself astonished at the effect of the improvements . . . . I am glad you like the twelfth volume,* it is very curious, certainly.

"God bless you.

"Believe me, ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

VII.

WALMER CASTLE, *Oct.* 18*th*, 1839.

DEAREST GEORGY,

". . . . I did not write to ask you to come here when the Duke of Cambridge went away, as I expected a descent of artists. I have had one; some still remain, and more are coming—two from Scotland. I literally lead the life of

* Of the Despatches.

the subaltern officer of a regiment. I parade, dressed for duty, at nine in the morning, and again once or twice a day. There is not a moment of the day or night that I can call my own. These gentlemen are at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and all the evening my existence is at their pleasure; I cannot move along the passage, or on the staircase, or the ramparts, without meeting them. Even if I had rooms in the house for you and your family, which I have not, I could not consider that I should make you as comfortable as I should wish to make a guest of mine by asking you to come here when thus for my sins visited. . . .

"Believe me, yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

VIII.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, *Dec. 12th*, 1841.

"DEAREST GEORGY,

"I shall be happy to see you when you can come. I am now going away on Tuesday for a wedding, which is to take place on Wednesday. But I shall return, I hope, and stay as long as I may be permitted to be absent from Councils, Weddings, Christenings, and Parliaments. But as nothing can go on without me, I am afraid

that this interval of time which I shall be able to pass here will not be long.

"Believe me, yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

IX.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, *Dec. 5th*, 1849.

"DEAREST GEORGY,

". . . . You had better fix an early day [for coming]. Lady Burghersh and Arbuthnot are here, and you would incur no risk of being bored by finding me alone. . . . . By means of the railroad we are neighbours, and you can come any day you please. I can lodge the whole family, and shall be happy to see them.

"Ever yours, most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

The following narratives and anecdotes were told me on various occasions by the Duke, and taken down by me at the time; some of them are of historical value, and all appear to me interesting as having come from his lips.

The Duke's Account of the Cato Street Conspiracy.

Strathfieldsaye, Nov. 2, 1838.—The Duke told us about Thistlewood's attempt to murder the Ministers. The first intimation of a conspiracy was received some months before the Cato Street attack, from a young sculptor employed at Windsor, who, it seems, had been engaged in the affair, but on finding it extended to the massacre of the Ministers, was seized with compunction, and gave information to Lord Sidmouth. Little attention was paid by him to this man's story, nor did he pay much more to the intelligence brought to him by a person who was a kind of foreman to a set of Irish bricklayers, most of them living in Gee's Court, Oxford Street, and who stated that he heard among his men some

The Duke of Wellington
from a Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.
in the possession of Lord Frederic Kerr

conversation which convinced him they had been tampered with to engage themselves in some desperate plan for a general riot and plunder, though he could not arrive at any particulars.

On occasion of a grand ball given by the Spanish Ambassador in Portland Place, to the Prince Regent, about a month before, the Duke of Wellington was at a dinner of the Cabinet at Lord Westmorland's, when he received a note from the Spanish Ambassador, saying, that he was informed that a crowd of very desperate persons had collected round his house, and begging him (he was the Gold Stick as Colonel of the Blues) to give orders for the attendance of military. He handed the note to Lord Sidmouth, and orders were directly despatched to the 2nd Life Guards, then in the old Cavalry Barracks in King Street, Portman Square,

to send off instantly a troop to Portland Place. The order was promptly obeyed, the soldiers going off as fast as they could mount, some in one dress and some in another. And it appeared afterwards that ten minutes' delay might have had serious results, for Thistlewood and others of the Cato Street gang were on the point of attempting to force their way into the house. It is, however, to be observed, that, being a full dress ball, all the officers and others in uniform were armed with their swords, and, if not surprised at first, would no doubt have been able to make much resistance.

The third and most explicit piece of information about the Cato Street affair was as follows. Lord Harrowby was riding in the Park when a man came up to him and asked, "Are you one of the Ministers?" He replied, "Yes." "Are

you Lord Castlereagh?" "No," "Can you give this letter to him, which conveys information of a dreadful conspiracy?" Lord Harrowby took the letter, making an appointment to meet the man in a more retired spot.

So little was thought of this that when Lord Harrowby brought the letter to the Council, where he was then going, and which sat at Carlton House, no one of the Ministers would open it till Lord Castlereagh came, whom, however, they sent for from his house in St. James's Square. As soon as he had read and told them its contents, there was much agitation and debate as to how they should proceed.

The Duke recommended that the attack of the conspirators should not be prevented, but that the Cabinet dinner should take place, as if nothing had been

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NOTTINGHAM.

known, at Lord Harrowby's, and thus, by a concerted arrangement, the whole of the gang should be captured. Had the rest agreed, his plan was this. A piquet of the Guards in Portman Street barracks was to be warned for duty of some nature not to excite suspicion; a couple of officers, in plain clothes and well mounted, were to ride about the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square as if returning from the Park, and the moment they perceived the gang assembling, were to slip away, and, galloping to the barracks, bring back the soldiers as fast as they could run, who, on entering the square, were to divide in two bodies, and surround the whole of the south side of the square, by one party detaching men round by Audley Street, and the others meeting them by Charles Street. As to the arrangements in Lord Harrowby's house, each Minister was to

bring a pair of pistols in his official box, and also a servant on whom he could depend ; they usually brought servants at Cabinet dinners to assist in waiting ; the dinner was to be upstairs, but the dining-room below lighted and prepared as usual in order to deceive the conspirators ; the hall was to be barricaded with heavy furniture, and the stairs also secured by impediments, by which means, before an entrance could be effected, the troops would be upon them in the very act, and scarce a man could have escaped.

I may here add my own recollections of that day. I was living with my uncle, Lord Bathurst, one of the Cabinet Ministers, and he had said he was going to a Cabinet dinner at Lord Harrowby's. He appeared dressed for dinner, and the carriage was announced and remained some time at the door. At last Lady

Bathurst remarked that he would be late. On which he said he would not go at all, and dined at home. Lady G. Bathurst went to a party that evening, and came home full of the whole story! The Ministers had agreed to allow their carriages to be seen at their doors, as if they were going to Lord Harrowby's.

The Duke's Ride from the Mint.

Walmer Castle, Sept. 15, 1842.—The Duke told us that when he went, on the morning of the 18th of June, 1832, to give a sitting to Pistucci at the Mint, he observed a great many odd-looking people about, who showed marks of dissatisfaction. By the time he came away an immense mob had assembled. Ballantyne, the magistrate, came to him and offered his services, but the Duke said, "You can do nothing. The only thing you can help

me in is to tell me exactly the road I am to take to get to Lincoln's Inn; for the great danger would be in my missing my way and having to turn back on the mob." Accordingly, he started and the mob kept following and increasing. A gentleman, driving a Tilbury, put himself exactly behind him, which was a great protection to him, and he regrets he never could find out who he was. Two old discharged soldiers came and offered their services, and he placed them on each side of his horse, and whenever they were obliged to stop, he ordered them to face outwards with their backs to his legs, as he had a horror of the mob running in before him and tilting him off his horse. In this manner they got to Lincoln's Inn, where he was joined by numbers of lawyers, who escorted him on horseback and on foot, and the procession had then the appear-

ance of a triumph, ladies waving their handkerchiefs at the windows, and gentlemen at their doors inviting the Duke to come in; but that, he said, "I would not do: it was easy enough to go in, but how was I to get out, there was the difficulty; like people getting into a scrape, easy enough to do that, but not so easy to get out of it."

When the Duke reached Stable Yard, and got into the Park, he desired the gatekeeper to shut the gates, which he did, but the mob rushed through a passage near the Duke of Sutherland's house, and across the Green Park, and received him with execrations at Apsley House gate. It was fortunate that the streets were perfectly dry and there were no loose stones about, so that they could not pelt him. He said he saw a coal waggon come by with some anxiety.

The Duke's Account of the Attempt on his Life by Cantillon in Paris in 1818.

The Duke had received a great many intimations that he was to be assassinated, and therefore did not go to any public fêtes. Once it had been arranged that his life should be taken at a bal masqué where they expected him, but he did not go. The next day, February 11th, 1818, he had a dinner-party, after which he went to Mrs. Craufurd's for half-an-hour, and on his return, just as his carriage was turning into his own porte-cochère, a shot was fired. The Duke thought that the coachman in driving full gallop, as he did, had knocked down the sentry, and that the latter's piece had gone off, and so began reproaching the coachman, who then told him that a man had fired at him,

which was the cause of the coachman dashing into the gateway. By thus rushing in the coachman certainly saved the Duke's life, for the shot was aimed exactly at the corner of the carriage where the Duke sat, and it neither touched the carriage nor the footmen. The next day the Commissioner of Police arrived early to examine the servants and make enquiries, etc. The Duke went out. On his return he still found the Commissioner there, and on asking if he had taken the depositions of the coachman, the man replied, "Non, milord, je cherche toujours la balle!" The Duke endeavoured to persuade him that the assassin was not likely to have risked his life by firing at him without having had a ball to kill him with.

Two of the Duke's servants were walking that evening down the street, and

met a man running very fast, which evidently must have been the assassin, Cantillon. He was taken and tried, but acquitted.

Napoleon.

The Duke said—

"After the retreat of Buonaparte from Leipsic, he never in fact had any hope of getting over his bad fortune.

"Molé, then Minister of War, told me that shortly after Napoleon's return at that time to Paris, he was playing at billiards with him, when he became thoughtful, and laying down his cue, began talking to him of the impossibility of ever reviving the spirit of the nation sufficiently to expel the Northern Powers. Had these reverses, he said, occurred in the first days of the Republic, there would have been a freshness of spirit that might

have saved the game, but that spirit was now worn out and never could again be expected to revive. Yet with this depressing conviction upon his mind, he went through his wonderful campaign of Champagne with an activity perhaps unparalleled in his former wars." The Duke's invariable comment on Napoleon was, "He was not a gentleman."

Mr. Pitt.

Mr. Pitt was remarkable for never answering any letter, and generally for writing as seldom and as little as possible. Lord Grenville, on the other hand, was extremely punctual in answering letters, and a good correspondent. After some great political event, Lord Grenville wrote a detailed account of it to Lord Wellesley at Calcutta, with many private details known only in the Cabinet, pre-

Thornhill Lodge
Dec. 17. 1839

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AUTOGRAPH OF LADY DE ROS.

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facing his letter with the observation that, knowing Mr. Pitt's bad practice of not writing, he thought it proper to let Lord Wellesley fully into the transaction. As ill-luck would have it, the ship which was conveying this letter was captured in the Channel by a French privateer, and the letter-bag falling into the hands of the French Government, Lord Grenville's letter was immediately published in the "*Moniteur*," which fact soon coming to Mr. Pitt's knowledge, he dryly observed that "he hoped Lord Grenville would not be in a hurry to call his practice of not writing letters so very bad a one!" The Duke, talking of Mr. Pitt (Dec. 17, 1839) at Strathfieldsaye, said that the fault of his character was being too sanguine, that he conceived a project and then imagined it was done, and did not enter enough into the details.

In Spain.

The Duke told us that among his A.D.C.'s, when he went to Spain, there was a blunt Captain, who knew nothing of the *refinements* of life, and who remonstrated at all their luggage, and begged to know what each box contained. The other A.D.C.'s had each their box of blacking, and another for boot-trees. "Boot-trees!" said the Captain, "you may call 'em what you like, but I see plainly they are *wooden-legs!* what a desperate set of fellows you must be!" —imagining they all *meant* to lose their legs!

Sayings of Talleyrand.

Walmer Castle, Oct. 10, 1838.—The Duke said, "When Buonaparte died, I was at old Crawford's in Paris, and every-

body came in full of it. Some exclaimed, 'Quel événement!" Talleyrand, who was present, said 'Non, ce n'est plus un événement, ce n'est maintenant qu'une *nouvelle*.'"

A man who squinted very much asked Talleyrand, "Comment vont les affaires à présent?" Talleyrand looked at him a moment, and answered, "Comme *vous* voyez."

S. Saye, Dec. 14, 1839.—The Emperor Paul, meeting an Englishman one day in St. Petersburg, who did not take off his hat to him, enquired the reason, and on being told that he was short-sighted, he issued a decree, which the Duke saw, ordering the Englishman to wear spectacles for the rest of his life.

Strathfieldsaye, March 1845. — The Duke told us a story of Madame de

Stael, to show the importance of an invitation to dinner.

She was extremely desirous that Monsieur Benjamim Constant should have some good place, and she applied to M. Blacas to make him Conseiller d'État.

"Non, cela est impossible," was the reply.

"Eh bien, alors faites-le Ministre d'État."

"Non, cela ne se peut pas."

"Alors faites-le Huissier."

"Non, je ne peux pas."

"Eh bien donc—priez-le à dîner." And even *that* was refused.

Lavalette's Escape and Sir Robert Wilson.

Walmer Castle, Sept. 12, 1840.—The Duke in speaking of Lavalette's escape from Paris in 1815, told us that "Sir R.

Wilson boasted to several Russian ladies of having assisted in it, and he also wrote a letter to Lord G., detailing the whole affair, which letter he gave to his laquais de place to put into the post, not liking to send it by the military or the ambassador's bag. The laquais de place was a spy, and instantly carried it to Des Cases (the sous-préfet of Police) who brought me information of it. A day or two after Sir Robert was shut up in the Conciergerie, a letter arrived for him in the English bag. I gave it to Scovell (Sir George), who found out from the arms on the seal that it was from Lord G.; so I thought it better to send it back to him, and to tell him that Sir R. was in the Conciergerie, and if I had sent it there it would have been opened by the French Government. The first suspicion was aroused by Sir R. Wilson and Hutchin-

son sending an order to a French tailor for an English General's uniform, and the tailor, seeing that the proper snips were not made in the measurement, suspected all was not right, and informed the Police."

The Duke on Mr. Fox.

"He was a very silent man in company. I remember a story Arbuthnot told me of him: when he was either at Houghton or Holkham, he had, contrary to the rules of the house, killed a number of hen pheasants. He carried them home himself, but he did not dare show them, so he secreted them behind his bed, and they were only discovered when he left the house."

A Respectable Man.

"People are so fond," said the Duke, 'of talking of a 'respectable man.' The waiter at the Salon, when pressed on a

duel inquest, admitted that it meant a 'man in good clothes.' Lord Liverpool used to talk of 'respectable men,' and when I pressed him as to what that exactly meant, I never could get a satisfactory explanation. I own my object was to bring him to the same admission as this waiter—that it meant a 'man in good clothes.'"

After Sir Arthur Wellesley returned from India, he was one night in the House of Commons sitting between Sir J. Shelley and some other great sporting man, and heard them talking repeatedly of their "books," which aroused his curiosity, and to their infinite amusement he asked "*What* books they were talking of?"

The Education of a Gentleman.

"During all my experience," said the Duke, "of the leaders both civil and military in Spain, I never met with a

Spaniard of a superior education, nor indeed do I believe there has been anything like a good education in that country since the Jesuits were expelled from it; they not only looked to the instruction of youth, but they took care to bring their pupils up in the habits of gentlemen. As to military education, I am persuaded that the best education for an officer is whatever may be considered the fittest education for a gentleman, whether in England or elsewhere. Let that be the foundation, and it is easy to add such technical science as may be necessary for an officer."

Espionage.

Talking of the system of espionage abroad, the Duke told us the following story of himself, to show how stories are fabricated and circulated. When he was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, several of

the Foreign Ministers called one day to enquire after his health, He assured them he had not been ill. One of them said, "that was very strange, for he had heard the Duke was ill with a severe cold, and had kept his head for a whole day under the bed-clothes!" The Duke was at a loss to discover how this story had got about until Gen. Alava told him that he had been one morning to Apsley House, and, on hearing the Duke was not out of his rooms, he went downstairs to have a gossip with Mrs. Cross, the housekeeper, who told him she was afraid the Duke was not well, as the housemaid said, when she lighted the fire he was sleeping with his head under the bed-clothes.

General Tchernicheff was very fond of recounting his exploits at the Battle of Chalons, and his wife having heard them

often, used to say to him "Eh bien, donnez-nous votre Chalons, et puis—taisez-vous!"

Bonaparte said one day to Mdlle. Condorsay, "Je déteste les femmes d'esprit!" She answered, "Pourtant, puisqu'on leur fait l'honneur de leur couper la tête, il faut bien qu'elles aient assez d'esprit pour savoir *pourquoi!*"

At the time of a riot in St. James's Square, when Lord Bristol's windows were broken, Betty, the housemaid, met a friend, who said to her, "We've had such fun; I wish you had been with us." Betty replied, "*I*'m all for the Duke!" to which the other answered, "*I*'m all for the King!"

The Duke said General Alava described his wife as "excellente femme! mais fort ennuyeuse!"

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